Temple School Shakespeare

AS YOU LIKE IT

As You Like It

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AS YOU LIKE IT

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WITH SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS

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AS YOU LIKE IT.

Introduction.

Life of Shakespeare—Birth and Parentage.—The play of *As You Like It* was written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, who was born at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, on the 22nd or 23rd April 1564. The latter date has been accepted as the more likely, an old tradition stating that he died on the anniversary of his

The Village of Wilmecote or Wincot in 1852.

birth, and we know beyond question his death occurred on April 23rd, 1616. His father, John Shakespeare, belonged to a family which had given generations of substantial yeomen to the Midland districts of England. At the time of the poet's birth John was a prosperous "general merchant" in agricultural produce. Corn, malt, hides, wool, leather, hay are named among the wares in which he dealt. Aubrey, the first biographer of Shakespeare, styled the father of the latter "a butcher." Others have classed him as a "glover." Possibly, like colonial storekeepers of the present day, he may have united many branches of trade in himself, so as to consult the convenience of rural customers coming from a distance.

In 1557 John married a local heiress, Mary, younger daughter of Robert Arden, a prosperous farmer of Wilmecote, in the parish of Aston Cantlowe, near Stratford. To John she brought the estate of Asbies, a property of some fifty acres, in Wilmecote, with a house upon it.

Early Years.—William was the third child but the eldest son. The house of his birth is still extant but greatly modified. It is one of the two attached dwellings in Henley Street, Stratford,

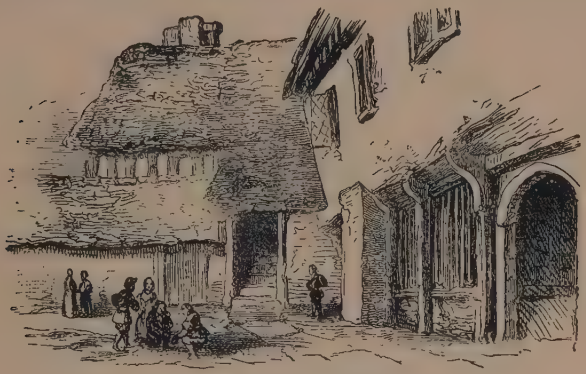
Shakespeare's Birthplace, 1769.
(*From the Gentleman's Magazine.*)

now held by the Corporation of that town on behalf of the subscribers to the public fund. Amid domestic comfort, and a certain degree of affluence, Shakespeare's childhood was spent. His father's civic promotion had been unusually rapid. He had passed through all the various offices in quick succession, from that of "ale-taster" in 1557 to "bailiff" in 1568. In the latter year he entertained two companies of players—the "Queen's" and the "Earl of Worcester's" men—probably for the first time in the history of the burgh. In September 1571 he became Chief Alderman, the highest civic position attainable, and held it until September 1572.

John Shakespeare's Reverses.—About Michaelmas (October) of the latter year adversity of some unknown kind

seems to have fallen upon the busy merchant. His prosperity declined. He was unable to contribute to the customary civic levies for the relief of the poor, etc., his property had to be mortgaged to his brother-in-law, Edmund Lambert, and at last he was deprived of his seat in the Council on the ground of irregularity in attendance.

Shakespeare's Education.—During the first seven or eight years of his life William had probably known a fair measure of



Court yard of the Grammar School, Stratford.
(*From an engraving by Fairholt.*)

domestic comfort. He would be sent, as was usual, to the Free Grammar School at Stratford, an old "foundation" re-organised by Edward VI. His teachers there would in all likelihood be Walter Roche, who was succeeded by Thomas Hunt in 1577, while the "matter" of the instruction imparted would be almost wholly classical. After the boys had gone through the Accidence (*cf. Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. i.) and *Lily's Latin Grammar*, along with the *Sententiae Pueriles*, they passed on to the study of Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Livy, Seneca, Cicero, Terence and Plautus, while Baptist Mantuanus, the popular Renaissance poet, was widely read as an introduction to Virgil. Greek was rarely taught in the provinces, and there are no traces of its having formed part of the school course in Stratford until later. That the system of education pursued in Shakespeare's case was thorough is evident from those scenes in *Love's Labour's*

Lost where Holofernes appears, and also in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* where Sir Hugh Evans is introduced examining his pupil in the early pages of the Accidence. French, likewise, formed one of the branches in which the poet attained considerable proficiency, as the dialogues in that language in *Henry V.* undeniably prove. Some writers have found difficulty in accounting for Shakespeare's marvellous fund of information by the amount of school training that had fallen to his lot. But he had received a sound middle-class education, and had profited by it, as Shakespeare alone could profit. During this period, any boy possessing that marvellous union of keen faculty with receptive capacity characteristic of him, must have amassed, through the medium of the senses alone, just such a vast store of information as he acquired. Sir Walter Scott's mind was constituted on somewhat similar lines, and in age he could repeat entire pages of ballads which he had heard only once recited in early youth.

Shakespeare begins Work.—Shakespeare's schooldays probably lasted from 1571-1577. At thirteen, owing to his father's increasing commercial difficulties, the boy was removed from school, and according to one tradition was apprenticed to his father's business, according to another, bound to a butcher. To this myth, Aubrey makes the addition, that when the future dramatist killed a calf he was wont to make a speech and do it in high style.

Shakespeare's Marriage.—The events of those five years 1577-1582 are wrapped in a mist of obscurity. There can be little doubt, however, they must have been years of steady mental growth and the acquisition of stores of knowledge. When next we hear of him he was assuming responsibilities that were to influence the whole of his after career. In November 1582 he married Anne, youngest daughter of Richard Hathaway of Shottery, near Stratford, who, like Robert Arden, the poet's grandfather, was a substantial yeoman-farmer. There is some ground at least for thinking that the union was not a happy one, for the wife was the senior by eight years of her husband. The reference in *Twelfth Night* (II. iv. 29) to a parallel case has often been regarded as suggested by his own state.

Shakespeare leaves Stratford for London.—In

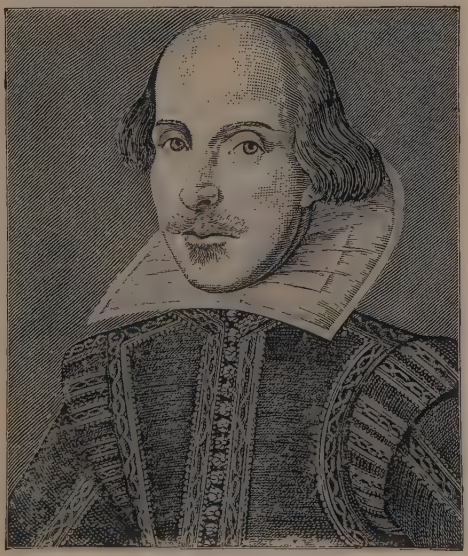
1583 their first child Susanna was born, followed in February 1585 by the twins Hamnet and Judith, and early next year the poet in all likelihood withdrew from Stratford. That he was compelled to leave his native town in consequence of his share in a poaching raid over the estates of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, is proved a myth by the fact that the Charlecote deer forest was not in existence at the time. Certainly Sir Thomas Lucy was an extensive game-preserver, and, as Lee says, "owned at Charlecote a warren in which a few harts may have found a home, but there

Ann Hathaway's Cottage, 1827.

was no deer forest there." The tradition goes on to say that Lucy, having prosecuted and punished Shakespeare, the latter retaliated in a satire so bitter in tone that the local magnate's wrath was increased to such a degree against its author, that the latter judged it expedient to withdraw from the district for a time. Whether due to this cause, or to the increasing expenses of a young family, towards the support of which he could contribute but little, or to his conviction that continued association with his wife was impossible under existing conditions, certain it is that by 1586 they were living apart, and the poet was either in London or directing his steps thither.

His First Position in London.—Tradition reports many tales, obviously fictions, as to his employment during the six years between 1586 and 1592. By one narrator he is said to have been a schoolmaster, by another a soldier in the Low Countries, by a third a vintner's drawer, by a fourth a holder of horses in front of the theatres, and so forth. The most probable of all such tales is that which states that he had been recommended to the players by some of those Stratford friends they had made during their visits there, and that he was employed as prompter's assistant or "call-boy" at Burbage's playhouse, "The Theatre."

The Lot of the Elizabethan Player.—If Shakespeare arrived in London in 1586, he would find two theatres in existence, viz., "The Theatre," erected in 1576 in Shoreditch by James Burbage, father of the great tragic actor, and "The Curtain," built about the same time as the other in Moorfields. Both were without the City boundaries, as the Corporation of London would not permit playhouses within the municipality. To the former of these Shakespeare became attached, and in the company he then joined—the Earl of Leicester's—he remained until he quitted the stage. Actors in those days were all obliged to shelter themselves under the name of some leading personage. By an Act of Parliament passed in 1571 (14 Eliz., Cap. 2), they were enjoined, if they would escape being treated as rogues and vagabonds, to procure a license to pursue their calling from the monarch, from a peer of the realm, or from some high official of the Court. Both Elizabeth and the leading nobles of the time, however, were so liberal in granting permits that no player of any standing had difficulty in procuring the license which gave him a social *status*. There were at least six companies of adult actors playing at this time, and owning the licenses respectively of the Earls of Leicester, Oxford, Sussex and Worcester, the Lord Admiral (Charles Lord Howard), while one of them held the permit of the Queen, and was called the "Queen's Servants" or company of players. In addition, there were three companies of licensed boy-actors, formed from the choristers of St Paul's and the Chapel Royal, also from Westminster School. Between the adult and the boy-players intense rivalry existed, and the dramatists took sides in the dispute. For instance, the most of Lyly's plays are stated on the title-pages



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The Droeshout Portrait

to have been produced by "Her Majesty's Children and the Children of Paul's."

The Company to which Shakespeare belonged.—Shakespeare's company was, as we have seen, licensed by the Earl of Leicester. On the death of the latter, Lord Strange (afterwards Earl of Derby) issued their licenses, and when he died in 1594 the first and second Lords Hunsdon—both of whom successively held the office of Lord Chamberlain—took the company under their protection. After the accession of James I. to the throne of England, he became their patron, and they were henceforth called "The King's Players."

Shakespeare's Work in connection with the Theatre.—Subordinate though the position might be in which Shakespeare commenced his dramatic career, his surpassing genius would not be long in asserting itself and raising him rapidly up the successive rungs in the social as well as the dramatic ladder. As an actor, his success was said to have been only mediocre, but that estimate was a comparative one, based on the high standard of Burbage and Alleyn, and influenced moreover by the splendour of Shakespeare's own success in dramatic composition. Contemporary report passed this criticism upon his playing, that he performed parts of a regal and dignified character with a majestic impressiveness that was most effective.

From Editor to Dramatist.—But it was as an adapter and reviser of other men's plays to meet contemporary tastes and circumstances that Shakespeare proved of such signal service to his company, and almost imperceptibly he passed from redactor or editor into dramatist. His life henceforward, as far as its facts have reached us to-day, was really summed up in the production of the successive dramas in the great Shakespearian cycle. There is little else to chronicle from 1592, when the first undeniable contemporary references to him occur, to the time of his death in 1616. Of his career independent of his plays, suffice to say that he appeared along with his company before the Queen at Greenwich in 1594, his name being mentioned second on the list. In 1596, on the death of his son Hamnet, he probably visited Stratford, and afforded material assistance to his old father, for henceforth John

Shakespeare's monetary troubles come to an end, and he even applied to the College of Heralds for a "Coat of Arms." The application was not successful until 1599, but there can be little doubt that both the proposal and the suggestion as to device and motto proceeded from the poet.

Shakespeare purchases "New Place" and adjoining Lands.—In the following year renewed evidences of prosperity were furnished. Shakespeare purchased New Place, the largest house in Stratford, which, after having repaired and otherwise improved it, he let for a term of years. A few years later he purchased from his neighbours, the Combes, on two several occasions, property to the extent of 127 acres of pasture and arable land adjoining the house.

Becomes a Shareholder in the "Globe."—In 1599 Richard and Cuthbert Burbage, having built the "Globe Theatre" on the Bankside, in part at least from the materials of the old "Theatre," leased out for a term of twenty-one years, shares in the revenue accruing from the new house, "to those deserving men, Shakespeare, Hemings, Condell, Phillips and others." The shares were sixteen in number, and of these Shakespeare probably held two. They of course entailed responsibility for providing a share of the current working expenses of the theatre.

A piece of glass, W.A.S. (William and Anne Shakespeare?) supposed to have come from New Place.

Shakespeare at the Zenith of his Powers and Fame.—John Shakespeare died in 1601, and William, as the eldest son, inherited the two houses in Henley Street, the only portion of the property of the elder Shakespeare or his wife, as Mr Sydney Lee points out, which had not been alienated to creditors.

To his mother the poet granted the life-rent of one of them, but she did not long survive her husband, and in 1608 she too passed away. In March 1603 Queen Elizabeth closed her long and glorious reign. Exactly a year later, *i.e.* in March 1604, James I. made his State entry into London, and on that occasion nine actors belonging to the King's Players walked in the procession, each clad in a scarlet robe. First on the list, stands the name of William Shakespeare. In 1605 William D'Avenant was christened, the son of John D'Avenant of the *Crown Inn*, and Shakespeare stood as godfather. This babe was afterwards to become celebrated in literature as a Restoration dramatist, under the name of Sir William D'Avenant.

Marriage of Susanna Shakespeare.—That Shakespeare was not only a capable but even a keen man of business has frequently been asserted. Of this no better proof is needed than the investments he chose for his money. Land or house property was invariably his preference. In one case, however, he deviated from his rule, when in 1605 he purchased the unexpired term of thirty-one years of a ninety-two years' lease of a portion of the tithes of Stratford and district. Susanna Shakespeare, the poet's eldest daughter, was married in June 1607 to Dr John Hall of Stratford, who was yet to achieve fame as a physician and as author of a medical work of note in its day—*Select Observations*. The poet was tenderly attached to her and to her husband. This is proved by the terms of his will. To them he left the bulk of his property and appointed them the executors of his estate, besides entrusting to them the care of his wife.

Shakespeare retires to Stratford.—In 1611 Shakespeare appears to have left London and retired to Stratford. His life had been a strenuously busy one, and he may have felt the approach of premature old age. Besides, his dramatic work was complete. With that calm, common-sense insight into the inmost soul of things native to him, he may have realised that his plays constituted "a full-orbed whole," that his creative period was ended, and that any additions to his works might only weaken not strengthen his hold on the public. From 1611 to 1616 he lived the life of a Warwickshire country gentleman, attending to his property and paying

periodical visits to London. In 1613 his third brother, Richard, died, followed eighteen months later by the poet's intimate friend, John Combe. Whether or not Shakespeare regarded these as warnings to set his house in order, whether or not he felt old age approaching, is unknown, but he seems to have had the idea that his life was not likely to reach the allotted span. Early in January 1616 he gave orders to prepare his will, just a week or two before his younger daughter Judith's marriage to Thomas Quiney, vintner, son of that Richard Quiney whose letter to the poet with respect to the loan of a sum of money is still extant. Almost before the will could be engrossed and the legal formalities completed, he was stricken down, and on the 23rd April 1616 the light of life for him went out, who more than any other son of man that ever lived has a prescriptive right to the title, "the intellectual monarch of the human race."

Signature of Shakespeare from the deed mortgaging his house in Blackfriars, on March 11, 1612-3, now in the British Museum.

The Growth of Shakespeare's Genius.—The development of the genius of William Shakespeare should be traced altogether independent of the facts of his career. We have therefore preferred to tell the story of his life first, thereafter to trace the growth of his many-sided mind in his dramas. Shakespeare is unquestionably the most extraordinary intellectual being the world has known. His genius consisted in the absolute equality or equipoise which existed between his imaginative and his intellectual natures. Had either been present in larger measure than the other, he might have become a profound philosopher or a great poet, but he never would have risen to the supreme heights of a *Hamlet*, an *Othello*, a *Macbeth* and a *Lear*.

Shakespeare's genius, therefore, developed with steady and equable persistence along the parallel lines of *supreme imaginative*

Facsimile of a letter from Richard Quiney to Shakespeare, soliciting a loan, 1598.

faculty and *supreme intellectual capacity*. To the former we owe his marvellous works; to the latter his equally marvellous fund of knowledge.

Shakespeare's Productive Period may be said to have lasted about twenty years—in other words, from *circa* 1591–*circa* 1611, and falls naturally into four great epochs or divisions. These are:—

CHRONOLOGY OF THE PLAYS.

I.—The Epoch of his Early Work, 1591-1593.

When his touch was still to some extent uncertain, and his art was still susceptible to influence from such powerful writers as Marlowe and Lyly.

Love's Labour's Lost, 1591.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1591.
Comedy of Errors, 1592.
Romeo and Juliet, 1592.
Henry VI., 1592.
Richard III., 1593.
Richard II., 1593.
Titus Andronicus, 1593.

Intermediate Epoch of the Poems.

Venus and Adonis, 1593.
Lucrece, 1594.

II.—The Epoch of his Maturing Art—the Period of the great "Comedies" and the "Histories," 1594-1601

The Merchant of Venice, 1594.
King John, 1594.
Midsummer Night's Dream, 1594-1595.
All's Well that Ends Well, 1595.
The Taming of the Shrew, 1595.
Henry IV., 1597.
Merry Wives of Windsor, 1598.
Henry V., 1598.
Much Ado about Nothing, 1599.
As You Like It, 1600.
Twelfth Night, 1600.
Julius Cæsar, 1601.

III.—The Epoch of his Mature Art—the Period of the great Problem Plays, 1602-1609.

Hamlet, 1602.
Troilus and Cressida, 1603.
Othello, 1604.
Measure for Measure, 1604.
Macbeth, 1606.
King Lear, 1607.
Timon of Athens, 1608.
Pericles, 1608.
Antony and Cleopatra, 1608.
Coriolanus, 1609.

Intermediate Epoch of the Sonnets, 1608-1609.

IV.—The Epoch of Reposeful Contemplation, 1610-1611.

Cymbeline, 1610. The Tempest, 1611.
The Winter's Tale, 1611.

Plays completed by Others after his Retirement.

Cardenio, 1611. Henry VIII., 1612.
Two Noble Kinsmen, 1612.

Such is a sketch of the development of Shakespeare's genius as furnished to us by the internal evidence of the works themselves. Let us now proceed to the examination of that play to which our study is more especially to be devoted in this volume.

Shakespeare's Birth-place, 1899.

The Play.

Probable Date of Composition.—*As You Like It*, "the sweetest and happiest of all Shakespeare's comedies,"[1] and not the less sweet and happy for the stream of "most humorous sadness" which runs through it, was probably written in the year 1600. It is not mentioned by Meres in his list of Shakespeare's Plays extant in 1598 (*Palladis Tamia*, entered Stationers' Hall, September 1598), and it contains a quotation from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which was published in 1598, four years after that poet's death. *As You Like It* is one of four plays[2] entered in the registers of the Stationers' Company on the 4th of August of what was presumably the year 1600; that is to say, though the year itself is not written against their entry, it stands against the entry immediately preceding it, May 29, 1600; and, though against all four plays are added the words "to be staied," the other three plays were duly published shortly afterwards. *As You Like It*, for what reason we cannot now determine, was "staied" indefinitely, and was apparently not published till the first folio edition appeared in 1623, when Shakespeare had been dead for seven years.

Contemporary Allusions.—Several passages in the play have been pointed out as bits of internal evidence helping to fix the date of its actual composition. Among these may be mentioned the allusion to those half-pence that were in circulation between 1582-3 and 1601 (III. ii. 363); the reference—if it be one—to the "Alabaster Diana" put up in West Cheap, according to Stow, in 1596, and already "decayed" in 1603

[1] *Shakespeare: his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden, 9th edit., 1889.

[2] *As You Like It*, *Henry V.*, *Every Man in His Humour*, *Much Ado about Nothing*.

(IV. i. 155); the passage supposed to refer to the statute against witchcraft passed early in James the First's reign (V. ii. 77-8); and the passages thought to have some reference to the Act passed in 1571, and re-enacted in 1596, to restrain the Abuses of Players (IV. i. 188-9). In all such calculations it must be remembered that a play—especially a Comedy—might well receive such additions of contemporary allusion after it was produced upon the stage.

Signs of Haste.—There are, however, signs of haste about the composition of this play, and especially towards the end of it, which point, not only to its having been written shortly before it was registered, and registered almost before it was completed, but also to its not having been thoroughly revised between that date and the date of its publication in 1623. Among such signs of haste may perhaps be mentioned the fact that so large a portion of the play is in prose, and also the fact that two of the *dramatis personæ* are named *Oliver* and two *Jaques*. The second Oliver may well have been introduced to admit the popular quotation, "O sweet Oliver!" but there is no such reason for the introduction of a second Jaques; and he does, in fact, while remaining *Jaques* among the *dramatis personæ*, figure in the play itself as "second brother." In the first folio edition, also, there is a confusion (rectified in later editions) between Celia and Rosalind; for Rosalind, instead of Celia, is made to claim Duke Frederick as father (I. ii. 80-1), and Celia, instead of Rosalind, is at first called the taller of the two women (I. ii. 274). Orlando's exclamation, "But heavenly Rosalind!" (I. ii. 291), has been criticised as premature, in as much as Rosalind's name has not been mentioned in his presence, and as he has just proved himself ignorant of her identity by asking which of the two ladies is Duke Frederick's daughter. Then there is the oversight—so terrible to classical erudition—about Juno's swans (I. iii. 74), with the apparent incongruity about Touchstone—at first the "roynish clown," and later the motley-minded gentleman, swift and sententious, and accustomed to Court life. But the chief signs of haste in the composition are to be seen in the finishing up of the play, which may be said to attain its highest point in the passages between Rosalind and

Orlando in the first scene of Act IV., and to run from that point somewhat hurriedly onwards to the conclusion. For, though Act V. contains one of its immortal songs ("It was a lover and his lass"), as well as some of Touchstone's most pithy pleasantries, the last Act and a half of *As You Like It* may be said to be still Shakespeare, but scarcely to reach the Shakespearian standard. The action is hurried; and the motives which lead Duke Frederick to abdicate in his brother's favour, and Oliver not only to recognise Orlando's worth but to become such a changed man himself, are obviously forced, to ensure a rapid and happy conclusion.

Origin of the Play.—But here again it must be remembered that the play of *As You Like It* was founded on a prose romance by Thomas Lodge called *Rosalynde: Euphues' Golden Legacie*.[1] A previous work by Lodge, a volume of verse published in 1589 (*Glaucus and Scilla*, or *Scilla's Metamorphosis*) is thought to have given to Shakespeare the suggestion of his *Venus and Adonis* (1593); and Lodge's *Rosalynde*, a novel in avowed imitation of Lyly's *Euphues*, and the "new English" which Lyly had made fashionable, had been written during a voyage to the Canary Islands, and published on Lodge's return from that voyage in 1590. The play of *As You Like It* is *a dramatised version of Lodge's Rosalynde*. Now, the last part or this prose romance is hurried over in the same manner as the play. Beginning with all the elaborate dignity of style, the classical quotations and allusions, the figures, epigrams and quaint "conceits" which were the characteristics of the "new English," it hurries on towards the end almost at the sacrifice of its euphuism; and there is a symptomatic "*to be short*" before the threads of the narrative are gathered up on the last page. We could almost fancy that the voyage from the Canary Islands was coming to an end, and that the romance, "hatch'd," as Lodge says, "in the storms of the ocean," was being hurriedly finished with the dropping of the anchor in the Pool of London. The cheery ship's language of Lodge's prefatory epistle to his Gentlemen Readers lends support to this fancy.

[1] Itself founded to some extent on the *Tale of Gamelyn*, included in some editions of Chaucer, but not by Chaucer.

Title of the Play.—The title, *As You Like It*, has been a subject of much speculation. It is supposed by some to have been suggested by a passage in this same prefatory epistle, in which Lodge asks "roome for a soldier and a sailer, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrought in the ocean, where every line was wet with a surge and every humorous passion counter-checkt with a storm," and adds, "*If you like it*—so." Other commentators prefer to see in Shakespeare's title a satirical allusion to a line in Ben Jonson's epilogue to *Cynthia's Revels* (1600)—

"By ——, 'tis good, *and if you like't*—you may."

But it was quite natural for a writer in producing a novel or a play to appeal for appreciation directly to the public; Shakespeare has addressed the public directly in the name of another play—*Twelfth Night*, or *What you Will;* and the epilogue to *As You Like It* seems to pursue the same theme of *liking*, Shakespeare appealing—not as a beggar but as a conjuror—to the audience:—

"I charge you . . . to *like* as much of this play as pleases you."

The Story of Rosalynde.—Shakespeare has followed the story of Lodge's *Rosalynde* very closely. In the prose romance we have a fine old knight of Bordeaux, who dies, leaving three sons. The eldest, Saladyne (Shakespeare's Oliver), hates and tyrannises over his youngest brother Rosader (Shakespeare's Orlando). Saladyne schemes with a champion wrestler to procure his brother's death; and the wrestling match takes place in the presence of Torismond, King of France (Shakespeare's Duke Frederick), and of the King's daughter Alinda and his niece Rosalynde (Shakespeare's Celia and Rosalind), the latter being daughter of the King's brother Gerismond, who is living in banishment in the Forest of Arden (Shakespeare's Duke Senior: Shakespeare retains both the name and characteristics of the Forest of Arden). Rosader falls in love with Rosalynde, and Rosalynde (though not so immediately in the romance as in the play) with him. The story, continuing, takes Rosader, with his old servant Adam (Shakespeare retains this name Adam), to join the exiled Gerismond in the Forest of Arden; and thither also Alinda and

Rosalynde wander, when Rosalynde is banished from Court, and Alinda prefers to share her fate. They disguise themselves as a shepherdess and her page, and assume the names of Aliena and Ganimede. Shakespeare retains these names, but makes Ganimede Aliena's brother, and Touchstone, the Court fool, their attendant. Then follow the adventures of these young people in the forest, with Rosalynde's spirited personation of a shepherd youth, and her assumed attitude as Ganimede towards the love-lorn Rosader (Orlando). The banished Court in the Forest of Arden, the sweet pastoral life, the *al fresco* meals, the strange vegetation of this forest of the fancy, the wooing of scornful Phœbe—who loves only Ganimede—by the faithful shepherd swain, the sonnets inscribed on trees, the homely scrip and hook and bottle, the sheepcote and the folded sheep, are all to be found in Lodge's prose-romance, deeply imbedded in "the new English," that language of mythological allusion, quaint, forced similes, astounding scientific revelations, and the brisk deductions of a philosophy extinct. Rosalynde and Alinda "parley euphuism" and quote fluently from the ancient classics; Phœbe, when she is lovesick, reaches for her "standish" to write a letter to Ganimede; and even the native shepherds of Arden, "with bills on their necks," know a little Latin and can pen a tidy sonnet in French. And the romance ends like the play. The cruel brother Saladyne (Oliver), overtaken by sleep in the forest and in danger of death from a crouching lion, is rescued by his valiant younger brother (Orlando); Saladyne promptly falls in love with Aliena, and meditates the profession of a shepherd; the brothers are reunited; and Ganimede, about whom the plot thickens, undertakes to obtain the assistance of a magician, and to restore Rosalynde to her father and to her lover (Orlando). She then resumes her personality, sets everything and everybody to rights; and a rebellion of nobles and the tragic death of Torismond (Duke Frederick, whom, however, Shakespeare makes enter a religious order) reinstate Rosalynde's father in his rightful kingdom, and happily conclude for his court and family their term of banishment in the Forest of Arden.

Analysis of the Play.—So far as the outline goes, then, the play and the romance are very much alike. The motives of

action are indeed not always identical; the little artifices employed in the construction of the prose-romance are perhaps not those of the dramatised version. But the play makes no radical alteration in the story: and yet Lodge's *Rosalynde* is but a child's toy in comparison with Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. The one thing in it which is as it stands worthy of Shakespeare, and must not be forgotten, as being by Lodge, is Rosalynde's Madrigal, beginning:—

"Love in my bosom like a Bee
Doth sucke his sweete:
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feete.
Within mine eies he makes his neast,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast;
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye?"

For the rest, in comparison with Shakespeare's characters, the characters so elaborately portrayed by Lodge are "*point-devise*": stiff, painted art, like the figure of Dispaire upon his shepherd's bottle, and human persons are recorded by him, for the most part, like the sonnets hanged on the sheephook—"labels," merely, of "loves and fortunes." There is no conception of life in it all higher than that of euphuistic romance. It is to Shakespeare that we owe the spiritual truths, as well as the flesh and blood reality, of this Arcadian romance: the creation of the men and women who people the "Golden World," loving and scorning, weeping and laughing and philosophising, as men and women do in Arcadia; "fleeting the time," the hours of which pass, by the dial out of a fool's poque, as quickly, and as slowly, as they pass for all the rest of humanity, with and without dials, under one heaven.

Differences between the Novel and the Drama.—Three characters Shakespeare adds to his "Golden World" which have no existence in Lodge's *Rosalynde*. It would not be complete without them. There is Touchstone, the merry fool: merry-wise, swift, sententious; less a fool than a very motley-minded gentleman. And there is Audrey, in whom Touchstone

finds the realisation of what may be called (to modify for our purpose the Elizabethan usage of the words) "low content": who so completely satisfies his present philosophy that the very sight of these two together suggests to Jaques and to the whole company a Noah's Ark—"another Flood toward."

And, lastly, there is The Melancholy Jaques, the man who has been called by some people merely one of "Two Fools,"[1] and in whom others have seen "the ornament of *As You Like It*." Jaques is the moralist, pessimist, cynic, egoist; whose melancholy is "compounded of many simples"; whose nature is "compact of jars"; whose mind is "full of matter," even in its sullen fits, for his is "a most humorous sadness." It is a complex nature, hyper-sensitive, out of its element in this Golden World of the Forest of Arden, which is a world of existent joys and sorrows—a world of the Present. His sojourn there serves him at most as a period of *recollectiveness*, such as rivets, for some natures, the Past on to the Future. It was an altogether higher organism than any about it; higher than the old Duke, with his robust philosophy, or than the young lovers, for whom all the sounds in the universe had resolved themselves into one melody—so perfect and satisfying in itself—played all on the common chord. We cannot imagine the romance of Rosalind without its Jaques: the Golden World itself would be a poor place without the Melancholy Fellow.

Analysis of the Characters: Rosalind and Orlando.—The other characters, which do appear in Lodge's romance, are all here revivified, touched with the magic wand. Orlando becomes the type of Elizabethan youth; high-spirited, single-minded, generous, an untried *Bayard;* skilled alike in the art of wrestling and in the penning of a love-sonnet, versed in all "such exercises as may become a gentleman"; not given to self-investigation, nor hypercritical, in spite of his instantaneous appreciation of "Heavenly Rosalind"; one who was content to say,—

"I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults."

[1] Ulrici: Shakespeare's Dramatic Art, 1876.

But there is something beyond all this in the "young gallant"; something not easily put into words; which made it possible for a Rosalind to say to him,—

> "Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
> More than your enemies."

Of "Heavenly Rosalind" herself we must quote what Lady Martin (Helena Faucit) says, who played the part with such consummate grace and dignity and understanding:—

"At the core of all that Rosalind says and does lies a passionate love as pure and all-absorbing as ever swayed a woman's heart. Surely it was the finest and boldest of all devices, one on which only a Shakespeare could have ventured, to put his heroine into such a position that she could, without revealing her own secret, probe the heart of her lover to the very bottom, and thus assure herself that the love which possessed her being was as completely the master of his. Neither could any but Shakespeare have so carried out this daring design. . . .

. . . No one can study this play without seeing that through the guise of the brilliant-witted boy Shakespeare meant the charm of the high-hearted woman, strong, tender and delicate, to make itself felt. Hence it is that Orlando finds the spell which 'Heavenly Rosalind' had thrown around him drawn hourly closer and closer, he knows not how, while at the same time he has himself been winning his way more and more into his mistress's heart. Thus, when at last Rosalind doffs her doublet and hose, and appears arranged for her bridal, there seems nothing strange or unmeet in the somewhat sudden consummation of what has been in truth a lengthened wooing. The actress will, in my opinion, fail signally in her task who shall not suggest all this, who shall not leave upon her audience the impression that, when Rosalind resumes her state at her father's court, she shall bring into it as much grace and dignity as by her bright spirits she had brought of sunshine and cheerfulness into the shades of the Forest of Arden."[1]

Celia.—Celia is the type of the womanly woman,—calm, honest, affectionate; clinging to the stronger and larger nature

[1] Lady Martin: "On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters."

of her cousin Rosalind, but reserving for herself the gentle strength of obstinacy, the peculiar property and attribute of some mild women's natures, which carries them quietly through difficulties and trials they could be scarcely expected to survive. That she never loses her head, nor her sense of what is befitting her station, throughout all their strange disguised adventures, may be seen from the passage where she mildly rates Rosalind at the conclusion of her incomparable wit-combat with Orlando (IV. i. 200). And she duly performs what is expected of her by falling in love with Oliver in the orthodox fashion when occasion offers.

Phebe.—The character of the shepherdess Phebe, on the other hand, is a type of the spoilt country beauty, the untutored nature and untrained mind. Phebe's vanity is huge; her views of life are exaggerated and romantic; and her somewhat idiopathic knowledge of it is just enough to be a dangerous thing. Hers is the nature of quick impulses, small ambitions, inferior standards; and Life's golden fruit is hung always either just above or just below her line of sight.

Adam.—The character or the old servant Adam possesses a peculiar interest because tradition assigns the *rôle* to Shakespeare himself; for about Stratford there long lingered a legend to that effect, said to have been handed down from the poet's brother, who in his own old age told of his having once seen the poet come upon the stage "on another man's back." The picture of the good old Adam, devoting himself at four-score years with his "thrifty hire" to his young master's needs, is one of the truest tenderness and pathos:—

> "Though I am old, yet I am strong and lusty,
> For in my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood."

Oliver.—Perhaps of all the characters in the play that of Oliver, the elder brother, is least easy of analysis. Like Duke Frederick, he is tyrannous and jealous in the beginning; a bully, whose dislike of his younger brother Orlando seems founded on no other reason than a recognition of Orlando's

all-round superiority ; and, like the Duke Frederick, he repents and changes his conduct somewhat abruptly at the end of the play. Gratitude to Orlando for saving his life is in this case the motive ; and the timely direction of Oliver's feeling into another channel—where there is no place for jealousy—by his meeting with Celia and their sudden mutual attachment, gives a further stimulus to all that is potentially good in his disposition.

The Other Characters.—Audrey, the goat-herd, is happier than Phebe on a lower level ; for she has no ambitions and no standards at all ; and on her way through life she will always find a Touchstone to "fetch up her goats" for her. The **Senior Duke's** is a fine, thoughtful, optimistic character. There is a mellow wisdom about him, and a simple nobility which will never forsake him, whether he philosophises in the Forest of Arden or returns to the strenuous life of his court and dukedom. Of **Duke Frederick** we do not see much ; but he appears equally unstable ; in the beginning as a jealous man, a usurper and a tyrant, and in the end in his sudden retirement from the world and from the dukedom he has failed to govern. The country vicar, **Sir Oliver Mar-text,** with all the fussy self-importance of his "calling," and **Charles,** the champion wrestler, in his giant strength, are interesting types of contemporary Elizabethan life and character. The shepherds, and especially **Silvius,** with his dogged devotion to foolish Phebe, come out well, affording us a pleasant suggestion of the genial relations existing in Shakespeare's day between the educated classes and the English peasantry. **Hymen.**—The introduction of Hymen, at the end of the play, is in keeping with the supposed magical agency at work in the final transformation scene. It was not possible to bring about so sudden a *dénouement* artistically, except by some such device.

Euphuism and Casket-Literature.—It is well to remember, in reviewing the qualities of Shakespeare's "high-hearted" heroine, that when *As You Like It* appeared John Lyly and his school of euphuism had introduced a new literature which was already recognised as the literature of "the Gentle-

women of England." Lyly had declared that his book "had rather lie unread in a lady's casket than open in a scholar's study," and he had prefixed to his *Euphues* an epistle specially addressed to "the Ladies and Gentlewomen of England." It is as if Shakespeare, in dramatising this popular romance, one of the gems of the women's literature of euphuism, had intended, in silent comment, to show men and women how far a real Rosalind could surpass the Rosalynde of mere euphuistic romance. It is a kind of silent challenge to his contemporaries, Lyly and Lodge and their followers, and to euphuism itself, that "casket-literature," with its affectations and limitations. It is as if the King of Playwrights said to them, "I have dramatised your euphuism; but here is Nature's work, a woman with a heart and a mind." And we feel sure that, if Shakespeare's Rosalind had carried a casket into the Forest of Arden (Lodge mentions a casket), *Euphues* would not have been in it. Her brilliant tirade on the deaths "by attorney" of poor Troilus and Leander, and on the mistaken "finding" of "the foolish chroniclers" upon the same, may be taken as proof positive of this.

The Spirit of the Play.—People have provided the play with meanings. It has been said to be "essentially a love-poem," a poem to commemorate the generous impulses of "happy love." "Is not love indeed," says Lady Martin,[1] "the pivot on which the action of the play turns—love, too, at first sight?" In support of this view the lines are quoted :—

> "Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,—
> 'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'"

Again, the play has been said to be a splendid lesson in the sweet uses of adversity, the cheerful endurance of "shrewd days and nights." "What most we prize," says Dr. Furnivall, "is misfortune borne with cheery mind, the sun of man's spirit shining through and dispersing the clouds that strive to shade it. And surely this is the spirit of the play." Others put a yet more concrete moral upon it: it is, not to be cheery under misfortune, but "how to read the lessons in the vicissitudes of physical nature."[2]

[1] Lady Martin : "On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters."
[2] *See* Introduction to *The Leopold Shakespeare*.

Ulrici finds that "the poetical truth" of this mixed drama of fancy and intrigue lies in its being based on "the comic view of life." Through this medium, "the truth of human life," he says, "is not represented directly, but by means of contrast; that is, by accident, caprice and waywardness paralysing one another, and by the true agent of human life—the eternal order of things—being brought vividly into view. This becomes clearly evident when we consider how the unrighteous caprice (whatever may have been its motive) which suddenly drove the good old Duke into exile as suddenly reverts against itself, destroying its own work, and restoring what it had wrongfully appropriated; how, in like manner, by a similar change of sentiment, the right relation between the two brothers De Bois is also brought about; how the love between Orlando and Rosalinde, between Celia and Oliver—which arose suddenly by the concurrence of circumstances—attains its object by an equally sudden change of circumstances and relations; and, lastly, how the coyness of the shepherdess Phebe is overcome much in the same way, and she is in the end united to her faithful, good-natured simpleton of a lover." Nowhere, according to Ulrici, in this comedy, do we find "conscious plans, definite resolves, decided aims and objects." The characters, he says, . . . "full of life, gay, and bold in action and quick in decision" . . . either appear "inconstant, variable, going from one extreme to the other," or possess "such a vast amount of imagination, sensitiveness and love for what is romantic and adventurous that their conduct to a prosaic mind can only appear thoughtless, capricious and arbitrary." The Forest of Arden is, he thinks, the "fitting scene" for such a conception of life; the people who inhabit it are fantastic creatures, following their own whims and moods; and Touchstone and Jaques are bracketed together by him as "the two fools" of the Play.

Professor Dowden reminds us, in dealing with "this idyllic play," that, to understand the spirit of it, we must bear in mind that it was "written immediately after Shakespeare's great series of histories, ending with Henry V. (1599)," and before he began the great series of tragedies. Shakespeare turned with a sense of relief, and a long easeful sigh, from the oppressive subjects of history, so grave, so real, so massive, and found rest and freedom and pleasure in escape from courts and camps to the Forest of Arden.

"Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
. . . . . .
Come hither, come hither, come hither."

It is not, Professor Dowden thinks, a dark melancholy that we find in it. No real adversity has come to anyone; "no one suffers; no one lives an eager intense life; there is no tragic interest in it. . . . It is mirthful, but the mirth is sprightly, graceful, exquisite"; . . . and Rosalind and Orlando "are figures which quicken and restore our spirits, as music does which is neither noisy nor superficial, and yet which knows little of the deep passion and sorrow of the world. "Shakespeare," when he wrote this play, "was himself in his Forest of Arden." [1]

But, whether Shakespeare wrote from the Court or the battle-field or from the Forest of Arden, his meanings were, like the humour of the melancholy Jaques, deep, ever-present, and complex. They are everywhere hidden in nature,—none the less difficult to "anatomise" that we know them to be natural and spiritual truths. He did not look to an interpretation of them from a human audience: to that he gave merely a glimpse of his "Golden World."

The Language of Shakespeare.—Shakespeare is usually thought of as a poet only; but he was also a writer of prose, and, as a large portion of this play is written in prose, we have in *As You Like It* the means of comparing Shakespeare's language and prose style with that of other Elizabethan prose-writers, such as Spenser, Bacon and Lyly. "Elizabethan English," says Mr. Abbott in the Introduction to his *Shakespearian Grammar*, "on a superficial view, appears to present this great point of difference from the English of modern times, that in the former any irregularities whatever, whether in the formation of words or in the combination of words into sentences, are allowable. In the first place, almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech. . . . In the second place, every variety of apparent grammatical inaccuracy meets us." But these apparent anomalies, in a study of Shakespeare's language such as Mr. Abbott's work has made possible, resolve themselves under certain

[1] *Shakespeare: his Mind and Art*, Edward Dowden, 9th edit., 1889.

heads, and are found occurring in obedience only to certain grammatical rules. It is impossible to do more in this Introduction than glance cursorily at some of the peculiarities of grammar and syntax which strike one in reading the play. For an explanation of them under their proper heads the student is referred to Dr. Abbott's standard work.

One peculiarity is the constant use of *ellipsis* (*cf. Abbott*, pars. 382-405). For examples in the play *see* I. i. 3, II. iii. 42, II. iv. 75, IV. iii. 16, IV. iii. 76, V. iv. 167. There are also examples of the *transposition of words* (*cf.* notes I. i. 2, I. i. 98), the use of *double negatives* (*cf.* note I. ii. 17), *double comparatives* (*cf.* notes III. ii. 62, III. iii. 59), *redundant prepositions* (*cf.* note II. vii. 90), the interchangeable use of active and passive suffixes, such as *ible* and *ive* (*cp.* "*unexpressive* she" III. ii. 10), and the Elizabethan usage of *thou* and *you*, akin to the modern German use of these pronouns (*cf.* Abbott, pars. 231-235). We find cases, too, of the so-called *confusion of proximity* of words (*cf.* Abbott, par. 412), of the use of *relatives* with a *plural antecedent* and a *singular verb* (*cf.* Abbott, par. 247), and many examples of words whose meanings have undergone actual change in course of time, and of others where the figurative meaning has supplanted the literal, and *vice versa*

Metrical Analysis.—While considerable part of *As You Like It* is written in prose, the rest is in blank verse, interspersed with lyrics. A normal line of blank verse consists of five feet, of two syllables each, the first syllable unaccented, the second accented. If *x* stand for an unaccented and *a* for an accented syllable, then a line of normal blank verse may be expressed by the metrical formula $5xa$. But, as there would be too great monotony in the frequent use of such a line, the metre of blank verse is subject to much variation; and in dramatic blank verse the liberties or deviations from the normal are much greater than in epic blank verse. The position of the accented syllable may be changed—*i.e.*, the foot may consist of an accented and an unaccented syllable, or *ax*; and monosyllabic and trisyllabic feet may be introduced in place of dissyllabic feet. Such variations in blank verse are subject to certain rules, which again depend on the sense or thought to be conveyed, the nature

and mood of any passage determining to a great extent the metre in which it is written. Hence, the light, tripping metres, with trisyllabic variations, would naturally not be selected for stately passages and tragic scenes ; and the regular and sonorous 5*xa* would be equally out of place in light comedy or hurried narrative. In all cases, a line should be scanned, not by forcing it into any definite metrical formula, but by a natural reading which allows the words to fall into their natural rhythm.

Shakespeare makes frequent use of the *stopped line* :—

> "Oh, my sweet master ! Oh, you memory
> Of old Sir Rowland ! Why, what make you here ! "

and also of the Alexandrine or "*apparent* Alexandrine" (6*xa*): *see* II. i. 52, III. v. 74, III. v. 118, IV. iii. 25 ; besides which he frequently uses rhyme, especially in the form of rhyming couplets at the ends of scenes or passages. (Consult, for accurate metrical analysis of Shakespearian blank verse, that part of Dr. Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* which deals with *Prosody*).

It is almost impossible—and it would be very undesirable—to formulate the gems of lyric verse with which this play is interpersed ; but they may be described as being mostly in dissyllabic metres (iambic and trochaic, *xa* and *ax*), with occasional variations and irregularities, the lilt or rhythm of which always recommends itself to a sensitive or musical ear.

So it will be seen that the song, beginning,—

> "Under the greenwood tree
> Who loves to lie with me
> And turn his merry note
> Unto the sweet birds' throat,
> Come hither, come hither, come hither :"

and the song,—

> "Blow, blow thou winter's wind
> Thou art not so unkind
> As man's ingratitude :"

with the refrain,—

> "Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
> Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
> Then heigh ho ! the holly !
> This life is most jolly !"

and the song,—

> "It was a lover and his lass,
> With a hey and a ho and a hey noni no,
> That over the green cornfields did pass,
> In the springtime, the only pretty ring-time,
> When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding,
> Sweet lovers love the spring"

are not lyrics to be fettered by any metrical formulæ.

For the purposes of grammar and prosody, perhaps, Shakespeare may be compared with other Elizabethan writers; but there is a special character in his prose and poetry alike, which lifts him out of all categories. Nowhere else in literature do we find such a combination of weight of matter with ease and lightness of form, such a search-and-flashlight revelation of expression on such breadths and depths of thought and feeling. His poetry is not the poetry of other Elizabethans, nor his prose their prose. He used the same language; but in his hand it was as clay in the hands of a potter, to be shaped according to the Shakespearian mood and the Shakespearian whim.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, *living in banishment.*
FREDERICK, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions.*
AMIENS, JAQUES, } *lords attending on the banished Duke.*
LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*
CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick.*
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.*
ADAM, DENNIS, } *servants to Oliver.*
TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar.*
CORIN, SYLVIUS, } *shepherds.*
WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*
A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished Duke.*
CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*
PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a country wench.*

Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

As You Like it.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Orchard of Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion; bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines

my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much

of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin,

so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I

had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have, by underhand means, laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles:—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know

him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Lawn before the Duke's palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster:

therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither,

Celia: I PRAY THEE, ROSALIND, SWEET MY COZ, BE MERRY.

Act I. Sc. ii.

but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter Le Beau.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what 's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your

eyes, or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised; we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied, when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat

him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*They wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout. Charles is thrown.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.
[*Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.*

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Duke: YOU SHALL TRY BUT ONE FALL.

Act I. Sc. ii.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[*Gives him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Celia and Rosalind.*

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.
Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrestling?
Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet indeed, the lesser is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
[*Exit Le Beau.*
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

A room in the palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for another child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. 'Hem' them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry 'hem,' and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall

into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:

Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.
Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.
Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there 's enough.
Ros. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your Highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What 's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.
Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.
Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.
Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*
Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.
Ros. I have more cause.
Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?
Ros. That he hath not.
Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Ros. Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
Ros. Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords, like foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads

Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he 'thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:' then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends;
''Tis right:' quoth he—'thus misery doth part
The flux of company:' anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,

'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in the palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard

Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother: fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Before Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!

Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son,
Of him I was about to call his father—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply

Adam: O UNHAPPY YOUTH!
COME NOT WITHIN THESE DOORS, . . .

Act II. Sc. iii.

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
As sure I think did never man love so—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.
Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of my own wit
till I break my shins against it.
Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.
Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.
Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.
Touch. Holla, you clown!
Ros. Peace, fool: he 's not thy kinsman.
Cor. Who calls?
Touch. Your betters, sir.
Cor. Else are they very wretched.
Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.
Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.
Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succour.
Cor. Fair sir, I pity her
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing

That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The forest.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.
Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo: call you 'em stanzos?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that 'ducdame'?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene VI.

The forest.

Enter Adam and Orlando.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further; O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in

thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

The forest.

A table set out. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and Lords like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

Jaques: I MET A FOOL,
WHO LAID HIM DOWN AND BASK'D HIM IN THE SUN.

Act II. Sc. vii.

That your poor friends must woo your company? 10
What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:'
And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, 30
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd 40
With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
Duke S. Thou shalt have one.
Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?
Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church
And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.
Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,

I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!
[*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.
Orl. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art foreseen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A room in the palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,

Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your Highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The forest.

Enter Orlando, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin and Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect

it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou are damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute

not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worm's-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring

the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the breeding of cattle; to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, with a paper, reading.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.

They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you 'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that 's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. [*reads*] Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I 'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried 'Have patience, good people'!

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I

prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your heart.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's

size. To say 'ay' and 'no' to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake,
I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God buy you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conied them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.
Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.
Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.
Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*
Ros. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?
Orl. Very well: what would you?
Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?
Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there 's no clock in the forest.
Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.
Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?
Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.
Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?
Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.
Orl. Who ambles Time withal?
Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps

Rosalind: I PRAY YOU, WHAT IS 'T O'CLOCK?

Act III. Sc. ii.

easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister: here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as

loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as

boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? even so: poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Advancing*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, for we must live together.
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was' is not 'is': besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,

Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him? 50

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye: 10
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,

Silvius: SWEET PHEBE, DO NOT SCORN ME.

Act III. Sc. v.

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He 's fallen in love with your foulness and she 'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I 'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:

Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin.*

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The forest.

Enter Jaques, Rosalind, and Celia.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the lady's, which is nice, nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Good-day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. *Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he come slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.
Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.
Orl. And wilt thou have me?
Ros. Ay, and twenty such.
Orl. What sayest thou?
Ros. Are you not good?
Orl. I hope so.
Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?
Orl. Pray thee, marry us.
Cel. I cannot say the words.
Ros. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'
Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?
Orl. I will.
Ros. Ay, but when?
Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.
Ros. Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'
Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.
Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.
Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.
Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.
Orl. For ever and a day.
Ros. Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no,

Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu.

Exit Orlando.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The forest.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

For. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home:
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,

This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads*] Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*reads*]
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear such railing?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit Silvius.*

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There 's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
Hs sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.
Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was 't you he rescued?
Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind swoons.*

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by

my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter William.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. 'Thank God'; a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touchstone: YOU DO LOVE THIS MAID?

Act V. Sc. i.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company, — of this female, — which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The forest.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame:' for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman

of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And I for Ganymede.
Orl. And I for Rosalind.
Ros. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And I for Ganymede.
Orl. And I for Rosalind.
Ros. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.
Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.
Ros. And so am I for no woman.
Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
Ros. Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?'
Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.
Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can: [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:

[*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The forest.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?
Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?
Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.
Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her.
Orl. That would I, were I of all the kingdoms king.
Ros. You say, you 'll marry me, if I be willing?
Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phe. So is the bargain.
Ros. You say, that you 'll have Phebe, if she will?
Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.
Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.
Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!
Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.
Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.
Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?
Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.
Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.
Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgement: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say, I lie: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so'; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together

Good Duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. [*To Duke*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.
[*To All*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here 's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.
Duke S. Welcome, young man;

Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To Duke.*] You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
[*To Orl.*] You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:
[*To Oli.*] You to your land and love and great allies:
[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:
[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they 'll end, in true delights.
[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I 'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Notes

ACT I

I. i. 2. Bequeathed me by will, etc.; this sentence has been much criticised by commentators. There are two nominatives to "bequeathed," and, as a matter of fact, none to "charged"; and various ways have been proposed to bring the sentence into correct shape. As it stands, it may perhaps be read thus:—"it was . . . bequeathed me . . . and (it was) charged my brother on his (*i.e.*, my brother's) blessing, to breed me," etc.

I. i. 2. **But poor a thousand**; only a poor thousand. Note the transposition of the definite article, which is common in Shakespeare. *Cf.* "So new a fashioned robe" (*King John*, IV. ii. 27); "Too hard *a* keeping oath" (*Love's Labour's Lost*, I. i. 65).

I. i. 4. **On his blessing**; usually taken to be the father's blessing; possibly for "On his having been blessed by his father." *Cf.* "On thy love, I charge thee" (*Othello*, II. iii. 178).

I. i. 4. **Breed**; bring up, educate. *Cf.* "well" and "ill-bred."

I. i. 6. **School**; for university. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. ii. 113. *Cf.* "the Medical School of a University."

I. i. 6. **Goldenly**; the adverb does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare; but golden, in the same sense, is a favourite word. Cf. *Macbeth*, I. vii. 33, and many other examples. *Cf.* also Lodge's *Rosalynde*—the use of the word in *Golden Legacie*, and "A golden sentence . . . worth a world of treasure."

I. i. 7. **Rustically**; like a rustic. *Cf.* the use of the adverb here with "goldenly" just referred to.

I. i. 13. **Manage**; the breaking in and training of horses. Fr. *manége*. *Cf.* "Wanting the manage of unruly jades" (*Richard II.*, III. iii. 179).

I. i. 14. **Dearly hired**; *are* understood. The figure of ellipsis, particularly as regards the verb "to be" is one of frequent occurrence in Shakespeare. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, II. i. 2; *Macbeth*, IV. iii. 16; *The Tempest*, III. i. 172.

I. i. 19. **Countenance**; favour, or inclination. Some commentators take the word as meaning "whim." Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, V. i. 129.

I. i. 20. **Hinds**; farm-servants, labourers. Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. v. 99. It also means a boor or peasant, *The Comedy of Errors*, III. i. 77.

I. i. 20. **Bars**; shuts out from. *Cf.* "debars."

I. i. 21. **Mines**; undermines. "My upbringing is undermining my manners and my education." Some critics take the word as meaning "nullifies," or "renders of no avail." Cf. *Hamlet*, III. iv. 148.

I. i. 31. **What make you**; what are you doing. *Cf.* Ger. *Was machst du?* The repetition of *make* allows of the play on the words *make* and *mar*.

I. i. 34. **Marry**; an oath, corrupted from the name of the Virgin, and here used as a further play on the word *mar*.

I. i. 37. **Be naught awhile**; an old phrase in common use, which, from contemporary example, seems to have been equivalent to our slang "make yourself scarce," or "take a back seat."

I. i. 39. **Eat husks**, etc.; refers to the parable of the Prodigal Son, Luke xv. ii.

I. i. 40. **Prodigal portion**; prodigal's portion, or portion spent prodigally. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, II. vi. 17.

I. i. 45. **Him I am before**; he before whom I am. "Him" often stands for "he" in Shakespeare by attraction to "whom" understood for "he whom" *Cf.* Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, par. 208, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. i. 15.

I. i. 48. **The courtesy of nations**; national custom or tradition.

I. i. 53. **Nearer to his reverence**; you, as next him in descent, should feel even nearer than I am to the reverence due to him.

I. i. 57. **Villain**; means a serf, as well as a rascal, here. Cf. *Titus Andronicus*, IV. iii. 73.

I. i. 74. **Exercises**; occupations and recreations. Cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. iii. 32.

I. i. 75. **Allottery**; share, portion.

I. i. 87. **Spoke**; for "spoken": note the curtailed form of the past participle. Cf. *Coriolanus*, II. iii. 163 ("Have you chose this man?").

I. i. 89. **To grow upon**; to encroach upon, get the better of.

I. i. 90. **Rankness**; insolence from sense of overgrowth, over-luxuriance. Gabriel Harvey, in *Pierce's Supererogation*, uses the word "rank-minded" in the same sense, in the sentence "I know none so rank-minded to enter on your proper possessions by—riot."

I. i. 108. **Good leave**; kind, ready leave. Cf. 1 *Henry IV.*, I. iii. 20; also *King John*, I. i. 230.

I. i. 112. **Being ever**; "they" must here be understood.

I. i. 114. **Died to stay**; died if she had stayed.

I. i. 119. **Forest of Arden.** *Cf.* Spenser's *Astrophel, a Pastoral Elegy*, l. 95—

> "So wede a forest and so waste as this:
> Not famous Ardeyn, nor foul Arlo is."

I. i. 120. **A many**; we say "a few," but "a many" has come to be used only by the uneducated. It was, however, used frequently by Elizabethan writers. Cf. "*A many* of our bodies" (*Henry V.*, IV. iii. 95) and "But *many a many foot* of land the worse" (*King John*, I. i. 183).

I. i. 123. **Fleet the time**; pass away the time, let the time flit by. *Cf.* Spenser's *Faërie Queene*, Bk. **IV.** Canto ix. St. 33—

> "And then another till that likewise fleet."

I. i. 124. **Golden world**; the golden age. "World" is elsewhere used by Shakespeare for "age."

I. i. 133. **Shall acquit him**; must acquit himself.

I. i. 139. **brook . . . well**; make up your mind to suffer.

I. i. 145. **By underhand means**; Oliver here suggests that open interference would be resented by Orlando.

I. i. 149. **Emulator**; used in a bad sense, as of one who envies or is jealous of another. *Emulation* is the quality; and in this sense it is referred to in *Julius Cæsar*, **II.** iii. 14.

I. i. 150. **Contriver**; also used in a bad sense. *Cf.* "The close contriver of all harms" (*Macbeth*, III. v. 7).

I. i. 151. **As lief**; here and elsewhere, "As willingly." Cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, **II.** iii. 84.

I. i. 153. **Thou wert best**; it were best for you.

I. i. 154. **Grace himself on thee**; shew himself to advantage, do himself credit in the match with you. We still say "disgrace himself." *Cf.* Greene, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, l. 2211—

> "Brought from her homely cottage to the Court,
> And graced with Kings, Princes and Emperors."

I. i. 155. **Practise**; in the bad sense of "plot." *Cf.* Greene's *Princelie Mirror of Peereles Modestie* ("dides prevent the practises of Saule, which pretended to slay his servant Davide"). (Greene's Works, Grosart Edition, Vol. III. p. 32, l. 27.)

I. i. 161. **Anatomise;** to lay bare, as one does in dissecting.

I. i. 165. **Payment;** punishment. We speak of *paying out.*

I. i. 169. **This gamester;** this young fellow up to his games—a light-hearted, tricky youth.

I. i. 172. **Noble device;** high aims, noble plans, or schemes.

I. i. 173. **Enchantingly beloved;** at once beloved and fascinating—holding people under a sort of spell.

I. i. 174. **In the heart of the world;** in everybody's affection: of great popularity.

I. i. 176. **Misprised;** undervalued, despised. Fr. *mépriser. Cf.* Act I. Sc. ii. 165; also *Much Ado About Nothing,* III. i. 52.

I. i. 178. **Kindle . . . thither;** I'll incite him to this wrestling. *Cf.* term "warmed up to."

I. ii. 1. **Sweet my coz.** Cf. *Macbeth,* IV. ii. 14 ("My dearest coz"); and as an example of the inversion of the adjective take *Twelfth Night,* II. iii. 51—

"Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty."

I. ii. 5. **Learn;** teach. *The Tempest,* I. ii. 366. *Scottice,* "He learnt me to read."

I. ii. 10. **So;** if it be so; "provided that."

I. ii. 13. **So . . . as;** for as . . . as. Still used in cases of emphasis.

I. ii. 13. **Tempered;** composed of, mixed up, as ingredients. Cf. *Cymbeline,* V. v. 250 ("to temper poisons"); also Exodus xxix. 2 ("Cakes unleavened tempered with oil").

I. ii. 17. **But I;** except me. *Cf.* Act I. Sc. i. 171.

I. ii. 17. **Nor . . . none;** double negative: a frequent figure in Shakespeare. Cf. l. 28 of this scene; also *The Comedy of Errors,* IV. ii. 7.

I. ii. 18. **Like;** likely. *Cf.* Act IV. Sc. i. 68. The old English way of forming an adverb was simply to use the dative case of the adjective which ended in ë. Thus we had *sweetlë* for sweetly, *roughlë* for roughly: then the "e" dropped off, and hence it comes that in English we have so many adverbs the same as adjectives.

I. ii. 20. **Render;** to give back. The "again" is here redundant. *Cf.* Act II. Sc. v. 27.

I. ii. 32. **Good housewife.** *Cf.* "false housewife," *Antony and Cleopatra,* IV. xv. 46. It has been suggested that in this passage Shakespeare confused Fortune and her rolling wheel with the spinning wheel of Fate, who spins the thread of Life. Shakespeare has elsewhere described Fortune and her wheel, the symbol of movement and incon-

From the English translation (Cott. MS., XVth Cent.) of William de Deguilleville's *Pilgrimage of Human Life*.

stancy (*Henry V.*, III. vi. 32-40). The "housewife" alludes to Fortune as a busy woman—not to her special occupation.

I. ii. 36. **Bountiful blind woman;** we still talk of one who dispenses gifts as a "Lady Bountiful."

I. ii. 41. **Fortune and Nature.** *Cf.* Lodge's *Rosalynde*.

I. ii. 46. **Flout;** mock, tease. *Cf.* the old song, "Phillida flouts me"; also *Much Ado About Nothing*, I. i. 290.

I. ii. 50. **Natural;** idiot. The name is still used in Scotland. Dekker uses it in the *Girl's Hornbook*, Chap. II. Cf. *The Tempest*, III. ii. 27.

I. ii. 56. **Whetstone;** a grindstone against which knives and scythes are sharpened. *Cf.* a contemporary publication, *The Whetstone of Wit*.

I. ii. 57. **Wit, whither wander you?** wit, whither wilt? An old satirical saying. (*See* Note, Act IV. Sc. i. 167.)

I. ii. 59. **Messenger;** Touchstone's reply—his first speech in the play—is a key to his character; the simple and objective; not self-conscious, though a professional fool.

I. ii. 67. **Forsworn;** *i.e.*, the knight did not belie himself. *Cf.* the old play, *Damon and Pithias* (Dodsley's *Old Plays*, Vol. IV. p. 60, Edition Hazlitt).

I. ii. 80. Here there is a confusion between Celia and Rosalind, to whom, in the folios, this speech is given. (*See* Introduction.)

I. ii. 84. **Taxation;** censure: to tax, to accuse or censure. *Cf.* Act II. Sc. vii. 71; Act II. Sc. vii. 86; and *Hamlet*, I. iv. 18.

I. ii. 92. **Put on us**; impart to, or inflict upon us. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, V. i. 70.

I. ii. 104. **Laid on with a trowel**; we still talk of fulsome flattery as being "laid on thick." That is the meaning here, viz., altogether overdone.

I. ii. 105. **Rank**; position: with play on word, as in "rank odour." Cf. *Cymbeline*, II. i. 17; *Hamlet*, I. ii. and elsewhere.

I. ii. 107. **Amaze**; confuse, confound. The meaning in Shakespeare's day, of "amaze" was that which is attached to the word in Mark xiv. 33 of the Authorised Edition of the Bible, "Began to be sore amazed and very heavy" = perplexed.

I. ii. 113. **To do**; to be done. Note this use of the active for the passive infinitive. This was frequently employed by Shakespeare, as in *Macbeth*, V. vii. 28 ("Little is to do" = to be done); *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. vi. 60 ("What's next to do").

I. ii. 119. **Old tale**; the sort of "once upon a time" ring about the outset of the narrative.

I. ii. 122. **Bills on their necks.** *Cf.* Lodge's *Rosalynde*, where Saladyne wears "his forrest bill on his necke." (*See* Introduction.) The bill was a chopper, or axe (A.S. *bill*), and we still use a "bill-hook." There is also a play on the meanings of the word bill (the bird's bill) from the same root (Skt. *bil*, to break).

I. ii. 130. **Dole**; lamentation. Cf. *dolorous*. Fr. *deuil*. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. i. 283.

I. ii. 139. **Promise**; assure: still in popular use. "I promise you!"

I. ii. 140. **Broken music**; an old musical term. "Some instruments, such as viols, violas, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which, when played together, formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music.'" (Chappell, quoted by Aldis Wright, Note, Clarendon Press Edition.) I have not seen it remarked, but it seems a natural suggestion that the figure "broken music in his sides," applied to a wrestler with broken ribs, while referring rather disparagingly, perhaps, to this particular kind of music, has a further and special reference to the *crepitus* which is the actual symptom of fracture of ribs, and can be plainly heard by putting the ear to the chest when the victim breathes. (*See* Erichsen's Surgery, Vol. II. p. 580.) Else there need be no thought of music—broken or other—in the wrestler's sides. Of course the *broken* is in punning allusion also to the ribs.

I. ii. 153. **Looks successfully**; looks as if he would prove successful. Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, IV. i. 192. Note the use of the adverb for an adjective and compare *The Tempest*, III. i. 32.

I. ii. 158. **Such odds ;** such advantage on one side.

I. ii. 164. **Princess calls ;** note here that though it is Celia who calls, the Duke speaks to both ladies, and Orlando says "them." (*See* Introduction : signs of haste.)

I. ii. 185. **Wherein ;** this word has been variously commented on. It appears to relate to the "to deny anything," and might be expressed by "in this." "I confess that, in denying . . . I am guilty." Some have taken it as equivalent to "because."

I. ii. 185. **Me ;** note the reflexive use here of the pronoun.

I. ii. 193. **Only in the world ;** I only fill up in the world a place which, etc. Note the transposition of "only" here. It should stand next the verb.

I. ii. 199. **Deceived in you ;** agreeably deceived.

I. ii. 204. **Working ;** sphere of action or of activity. Cf. 2 *Henry IV.*, IV. iv. 41.

I. ii. 210. **Come your ways ;** Come on. *Cf.* "Come away," in present use in Scotland. Note the form "ways," which is the O.E. genitive used with an adverbial force.

I. ii. 219. **Well breathed ;** I have not yet fetched my breath : as country people say, "I have not even stretched my legs yet," when they mean they are not tired.

I. ii. 228. **Still ;** here means always. Cf. *The Tempest*, I. ii. 229.

I. ii. 229. **Shouldst ;** for wouldst. Note the use of "should" when contingent futurity is clearly implied. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, I. ii. 100.

I. ii. 239. **Known the young man his son ;** "to be" is understood. *Cf.* Tennyson's *In Memoriam*—

"I held it truth with him who sings."

Cf. also "Count it a mistake," etc.

I. ii. 240. **Unto ;** in addition to.

I. ii. 246. **Justly ;** just in the same way as.

I. ii. 248. **Out of suits with ;** this may mean either no longer wearing Fortune's livery, as her servant, or it may apply to one whose suit or petition Fortune has dismissed.

I. ii. 248. **Could give more ;** the idea is "Would give more if the ability went with the will."

I. ii. 251. **Better parts.** Cf. *Macbeth*, V. viii. 18 ; also "Atalanta's better part," Act III. Sc. ii., and the adage, "Discretion is the better part of valour."

I. ii. 253. **A quintain ;** "Running at the quintain" was an old English sport. The quintain was a wooden erection, having a broad "crosspiece"

at one end of it, pierced full of holes, and at the other a bag of sand. The country youth rode at it on horseback and hit the broad end with full force. Peals of derision from the onlookers greeted a miss; and he who hit it must beware of the bag of sand, which immediately swung round, and, unless he was very quick in riding past it, hit him in return a "sound blow on the neck." The youth who broke the board was champion of the day's sport. There were other forms of the game, in a "water quintain," and one made like a Turk or Saracen, armed with sabre and shield. The game is thought to have been of Roman origin, and to take its name from the *Quintana*, the market-place or chief street of the Roman Camps. (*See* Dr Aldis Wright's Note, Clarendon Press Edition.)

I. ii. 258. **Have with you**; let us go.

I. ii. 266. **Condition;** state of mind, temper. Antonio, the Merchant of Venice, is called by his friend, Bassanio, "The best-conditioned spirit" (Act III. Sc. ii. 295).

I. ii. 267. **Misconstrues.** Note the pronunciation: the folio spelling is misconsters.

I ii. 268. **Humorous**; full of humours and changing moods.

I. ii. 269. **I**; used here for "me."

I. ii. 274. **Lesser;** the folios have taller. As is afterwards seen, Rosalind is the taller. *Cf.* Act I. Sc. iii. 114 and Act IV. Sc. iii. 88. (*See* Introduction.)

I. ii. 286. **Better world**; a better time or state of things. *Cf.* Act I. Sc. i. 124.

I. ii. 288. **I rest**; "I remain": as we say, "rest content," etc.

I. ii. 289. **Into the smother;** a saying matching our "out of the frying-pan into the fire." The old noun *smother*, meaning a dense and suffocating smoke, is no longer in use; but we have the verb "to smother."

I. iii. 1. **Cupid have mercy!** This suggests that Celia already guesses Rosalind to be love-sick.

I. iii. 12. **Working-day world**; work-a-day; a word combining *common, everyday*, with a sense of *labour*. *Cf.* "the trivial round, the common task," and the expression, "all in the day's work." Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. ii. 55.

I. iii. 33. **Hated . . . dearly**; dearly must here be read as an intensive adverb meaning exceedingly. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV. iii. 42. *Cf.* also "cordially hate" and "heartily dislike."

I. iii. 36. **Deserve well**; *i.e.*, to be hated.

I. iii. 40. **Safest haste**; her safety lay in going quickly. The Maories have a proverb, "He safely runs who swiftly runs."

I. iii. 41. **Cousin;** a variable term, then used for all but the nearest relationships. Here for niece.

I. iii. 52. **Purgation;** proof of innocence, exculpation. Cf. *The Winter's Tale*, III. ii. 7 ("even to the guilt or the purgation").

I. iii. 56. **The likelihood**; viz., of my being a traitor.

I. iii. 66. **Stay'd her.** *See* entry against this play, Stationers' Hall (Introduction).

I. iii. 70. **That time;** then. *Cf.* "what time," meaning "when."

I. iii. 74. **Juno's swans**; Juno is thought to be a mistake for Venus, to whom the swan was sacred, and whose chariot is represented as drawn by swans.

I. iii. 77. **Patience.** Note that the pronunciation must be trisyllabic, otherwise the line will not scan. Cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, V. i. 280.

I. iii. 96. **Thou and I am**; the verb, in Elizabethan English, agreed with the nearest subject.

I. iii. 111. **Umber**; a brown pigment (burnt umber, raw umber) said to be derived from *Umbria*.

I. iii. 115. **Suit me**; clothe myself. *Cf.* Langland, *Piers Plowman* ("I shope me in shroudes").

I. iii. 116. **Curtle axe**; cutlass. A corruption of the Fr. *courtelas;* from Low Lat. *cultellus*. Cf. *Henry V.*, IV. ii. 21.

I. iii. 119. **Swashing;** swaggering. *Cf.* swashbuckler, a bragging fellow. *Cf.* Ben Jonson, *Every Man in His Humour*. Captain Bobadil is styled "a swashbuckler."

I. iii. 121. **Out face;** put a bold face on it, blazon it out.

I. iii. 124-27. **Ganymede and Aliena**; the same names used by Lodge in his novel.

I. iii. 136. **Content;** contentment; let us go in contentment. *Cf.* Act II. Sc. iii. 68 and *Merry Wives of Windsor*, I. i. 258.

ACT II

II. i. 5. **Here feel we but the penalty of Adam.** There has been much commenting on this passage, and doubt as to whether *not* should be read for *but*. As it stands, it reads, "life is sweet in the Forest of Arden, and the only penalty of Adam felt there is the change of seasons." Before the Fall, perpetual spring was thought to reign; whereas here the winds were sometimes cold. But the Duke looks on even these philosophically, calling them his counsellors, which "feelingly persuade" him, *i.e.*, remind him, by his own feelings, what he really is, instead of flattering him, as

counsellors at court would do. *Cf.* Song, Act II. Sc. v. ("no enemy, but winter and rough weather").

II. i. 13. **Which like the toad,** etc. There was an old superstition, generally believed in mediæval Europe, that in the brains of the toad, itself believed to be poisonous, a precious jewel was to be found which was a sure antidote against poison. Such "toadstones" were preserved in collections, and set in silver rings as amulets. The real "Toadstone," as known to the Ancients, was so called merely from its being coloured like a toad or a frog. Cf. *Richard II.*, III. ii. 15.

"Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."
From an early edition (*c.* 1495?) of the *Ortus Sanitatis.*

II. i. 22. **It irks me**; it vexes me. Old verb, from which comes irksome. *Cf.* Ger. *ärgern.* It corresponds to the Latin *taedet. Cf.* 3 *Henry VI.*, II. ii. 6.

II. i. 22. **Dappled fools**; fool was used as a term of endearment. *Cf.* "little wretch." *Cf.* also *The Winter's Tale*, II. i. 118 ("Good fools").

II. i. 23. **Burghers of this desert city.** *Cf.* Lodge's *Rosalynde* when he calls sheep "citizens of field." Sidney and Drayton both speak of deer as "*burgesses* of the forest."

II. i. 33. **The which.** Note the use of the article here. It is frequently joined with "which" but rarely with "who." There is only one instance in Shakespeare of the latter, *The Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 539 ("Your mistress, from *the whom*, I see, there's no disjunction").

II. i. 38. **Big round tears**; alludes to the popular belief that a hunted deer shed tears for its own death. *Cf* Sydney's *Arcadia*, p. 34 (Edition 1621), "with a crosse-bow he sent a death to the poor beast, who with tears showed the unkindness he took of man's crueltie."

II. i. 44. **Moralise**; point a moral from. Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, IV. iv. 81.

II. i. 52. **The flux . . . herd.** Note the scansion here and how two syllables are inserted into the second foot, making the line what Abbott calls "an apparent Alexandrine."

II. i. 58. **Invectively**; railing, inveighing against: he criticises not only the conduct of the country, city, and court, but the life led by the Duke and his followers, who have invaded the realm of the deer and are killing them.

II. i. 62. **Kill them up.** "Up" used to intensify the meaning, as we still use it in "cut up," "heal up." *Cf.* Ger. intensive *auf.* In this case

there is, perhaps, the anticipatory suggestion in "killing up" of the cutting up which followed when the deer was quarried.

II. ii. 7. **Untreasured of.** The metaphor likens the bed to a casket found emptied of its jewel.

II. ii. 8. **Roynish**; scurvy, hence coarse. Lat. *robigo*, a scab; Fr. *rogneux*. *Cf.* the phrase in *Macbeth*, I. iii. 6, "the rump-fed ronyon."

II. ii. 13. **Wrestler**; pronounced in three syllables.

II. ii. 20. **Inquisition**; inquiry. Cf. *The Tempest*, I. ii. 35.

II. ii. 20. **Quail**; flag, fail, grow weak. Cf. *Cymbeline*, V. v. 149 ("My spirits *quail* to remember").

II. iii. 3. **Memory**; memorial. Orlando reminds the old man of his master. *Cf.* the expression in the English Prayer Book Communion Service ("A perpetual memory of that his precious death"). *Cf.* also 2 *Henry IV.*, IV. i. ("Whose memory is written on the earth").

II. iii. 7. **Fond**; foolish, contracted from O.E. *fonned; as* is omitted here.

II. iii. 8. **Bonny priser**; bonny has been supposed by some to stand here for *bony*. Shakespeare uses the word *bonny*. *Cf.* 2 *Henry VI.*, v. ii. Priser = prize-fighter.

II. iii. 15. **Envenoms him that bears it**; "Like the poisoned garment and diadem which Medea sent to Creusa, or the poisoned tunic of Hercules" (Dr Aldis Wright's Note, Clarendon Press Edition.)

II. iii. 26. **Practices** = evil practices. *Cf.* I. i. 155.

II. iii. 27. **Butchery**; slaughter-house. Fr. *boucherie*. In the sense of "slaughter," cf. *Richard III.*, I. ii. 54.

II. iii. 37. **Diverted**; from its natural course, *i.e.*, turned from its own kind.

II. iii. 39. **Thrifty hire**; hire saved by thrift; the result of thrift. *Cf.* Act I. Sc. i. 40; Act II. Sc. vii. 132. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, II. v. 55.

II. iii. 43. **He that doth the ravens feed**, etc. *Cf.* Psalm cxlvii. (Prayer Book); Matt. x. 29. *Cf.* also *Hamlet*, v. ii. 231.

II. iii. 50. **Nor did not**. Note the double negative here again, and *cf.* Act I. Sc. ii. 17.

II. iii. 57. **Constant service.** Even in Shakespeare's day it was the habit to say servants were better "in the old days."

II. iii. 67. **Youthful wages**; wages gained in his youth. *Cf.* above, "thrifty hire."

II. iii. 68. **Low content**; lowly, humble happiness. Cf. *Richard II.*, V. ii. 38.

II. iii. 74. **Too late a week**; equivalent to our "too late in the day."

II. iv. 6. **Weaker vessel** ; a Scriptural phrase. *Cf.* 1 Peter iii. 7.

II. iv. 6. **Doublet and hose ;** coat and breeches. Fairholt says, "the doublet was close and fitted tightly to the body." Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. iii. 35.

II. iv. 9. **Cannot go no further.** Note this second double negative, and compare with above, Act II. Sc. iii. 50, etc.

II. iv. 12. **Bear no cross ;** a play on the word, employing it not only in its Biblical, figurative sense, but in reference also to the cross on the reverse of Elizabethan silver coins.

II. iv. 31. **Fantasy ;** this is the earlier form of the word "fancy." It was sometimes spelt phantasy. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. i. 23.

II. iv. 38. **Wearing** ; trying, exhausting. We say "wearing out" and "very wearing." Cf. *Coriolanus*, III. i. 6.

II. iv. 49. **Batlet ;** an instrument of wood used by washerwomen, against which, or with which, they rubbed or beat their clothes.

II. iv. 52. **Peascod** = peaspod. It seems to have been an old custom in rural lovemaking for the lover to pick a pod full of peas, and if the peas did not fall out, to present it, as a good omen, to the lady-love. Peascod is used by Shakespeare for both the pod and the whole plant.

II. iv. 53. **Weeping tears ;** a redundancy of expression, found in Lodge's *Rosalynde ;* possibly an intentional quotation.

II. iv. 56. **Mortal.** Note the play on the word, meaning human, and also mortally—*i.e.*, excessively, angry.

II. iv. 83. **Bounds of feed** ; the boundaries of his pasture lands.

II. iv. 87. **In my voice.** We say "in my name." Perhaps here, "So far as I have anything to say in the matter." *Cf.* a somewhat similar use of the word "voice" in *Measure for Measure*, I. ii. 185 ("Implore here in my voice").

II. iv. 89. **But erewhile ;** but just now, quite recently. Cf. *Othello*, IV. i. 77.

II. iv. 91. **If it stand with honesty** ; if it can be done honourably, or consistently with my good name. Cf. *Much Ado about Nothing*, V. iv. 29.

II. iv. 93. **Thou shalt have to pay** ; thou shalt have the means, from us, of paying for it.

II. iv. 99. **Feeder ;** used for servant ; one who fed at his master's expense. "Eater" was also used (Ben Jonson). Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. xiii. 109. *Cf.* also our word *boarder*.

II. v. 14. **Ragged** ; rugged, rough. *Cf.* Nash's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse* ("I would not trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged verses") ; also Isaiah ii. 21.

II. v. 17. **Stanzo ;** for stanza.

II. v. 25. **Dog-apes**; baboons.

II. v. 30. **Cover**; to lay the cloth. *Cf.* Ger. *Tischlein, decke dich.* We still say so many *covers*. Cf. *Richard II.*, III. ii. 171.

II. v. 32. **To look you**; look for, seek you. A similar use of the phrase occurs in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. ii. 83.

II. v. 54. **Ducdame**; probably a nonsense word, mere jargon; possibly a wilful comic misreading of some word in contemporary use. Many explanations have been attempted of the word, but none are satisfactory.

II. vi. 2. **For food**; for want of food. The Scotch say "wearying for" this or that.

II. vi. 5. **Comfort a little**, etc.; take comfort, comfort thyself, cheer thyself.

II. vi. 8. **Thy conceit**, etc.; you are losing confidence in yourself; you are nearer death in fancy than in reality.

II. vii. 1. **I think he be.** Note the use here of the subjunctive of uncertainty and doubt. Cf. 1 *Henry VI.*, ii. 1. 46 ("I think this Talbot *be* a fiend"; also, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. i. 113.

II. vii. 3. **But even now**; only just now.

II. vii. 5. **Compact of jars**; made up of, composed of, discords. *Cf.* "to *jar* on" me. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream* ("of imagination all compact"), V. i. 8.

II. vii. 6. **Discord in the spheres**; referring to the music of the spheres. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, III. i. 121.

II. vii. 13. **Motley**; parti-coloured—the dress of the professed fool.

II. vii. 17. **And yet a motley fool**, etc. The allusion here is to the old proverb about Fortune favouring fools. The fool should not rail against her, for he was no fool till Fortune had come to him. *Cf.* Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, I. i.

II. vii. 20. **A dial**; a portable sun-dial for the pocket; possibly a watch.

II. vii. 20. **Poke**; pouch or pocket. *Cf.* the expression "a pig in a poke." The only place in Shakespeare where this word is used.

II. vii. 32. **Sans**; the French word then in use for "without." Cf. *The Tempest*, I. ii. 97.

II. vii. 34. **The only wear**; this expression is still in business use.

II. vii. 40. **Places**; a term in ancient rhetoric for subjects of discussion.

II. vii. 44. **Only suit . . . weed.** Note here the play on words, "coat," "suit," "weed."

II. vii. 48. **As large a charter**; chartered over the whole world.

II. vii. 55. **Bob**; a rap, smack. The sense of this passage depends

on whether "not to" is interpolated, as Theobald has it, or on the sentence being left without it. If it runs—

> "Does very foolishly, although he smart
> *Not to* seem senseless of the bob,"

it is equivalent to the old adage, "if a donkey kicks you, don't bray;" for if he does not appear senseless his weak points are discovered to everybody by the random shots of a fool.

II. vii. 57. **Squandering glances**; stray or random thrusts.

II. vii. 61. **If they will patiently**, etc. Note that Jaques here shows two sides of his character; that of the moralist, desiring to influence the world to good, and that of the cynic, who knows it to be impossible to do anything which presupposes the world's willingness to be improved.

II. vii. 63. **For a counter**; a piece of metal of no value: a metal disc, such as we have now for games, instead of money. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, IV. iii. 80.

II. vii. 66. **Brutish sting**; elsewhere in Shakespeare (*Othello*, I. iii. 335), "our carnal stings"; our animal nature.

II. vii. 67. **Embossed**; with bosses, or humps. In the same way *headed*, like a tumour.

II. vii. 71. **Tax**; censure. *Cf.* l. 86 and Act I. Sc. ii. 84; also *Measure for Measure*, II. iv. 99.

II. vii. 75. **City-woman**; citizen's wife.

II. vii. 76. **The cost of princes**, etc.; a tirade on the expensive tastes of the day. The cynical wisdom of Jaques is also noticeable: He knows the safety of "crying out on pride," which is common to all humanity.

II. vii. 80. **Bravery**; finery. *Cf.* Scotch *braws*. Cf. *Sonnets*, xxxiv. 4.

II. vii. 80. **Not of my cost**; *i.e.*, "I don't ask you to pay for it."

II. vii. 90. **Of . . . of**; Shakespeare elsewhere repeats a preposition as in—in. *Cf.* l. 139.

II. vii. 97. **Nurture**; Good breeding. *Cf.* Lodge's *Rosalynde*—"the faults of thy youth . . . discovering little nourture." Cf. *The Tempest*, IV. i. 189.

II. vii. 99. **I and my affairs are.** Note the case of the verb agreeing with the nearest subject. *Answered* here must be taken in the sense of *satisfied*. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, V. i. 1.

II. vii. 100. **Reason**: this is possibly a pun on *raisin*, and Staunton therefore would read "reasons" in the text. But the emendation is far fetched.

II. vii. 109. **Commandment**; command. This is the old form. *Cf.*

"Ten commandments." Bacon uses this form of the word. The word was formerly pronounced as a quadrisyllable, such as appears in the metrical version of the Psalms. *Cf.* Ps. cxix. 27 ("The way of thy commandements").

II. vii. 114. **Knoll'd**; tolled, or chimed. Cf. *Macbeth*, V. viii. 50.

II. vii. 118. **Strong enforcement**; strengthening, support: "let pity strongly support my request."

II. vii. 125. **Take upon command**; order, ask for, whatever you want.

II. vii. 132. **Two weak evils**; two evils resulting in weakness. "Weak" is here a proleptic or anticipatory adjective. *Cf.* Act II. Sc. iii. 39 ("the thrifty hire I saved").

II. vii. 136. **All alone unhappy**; not the only unhappy people in the world.

II. vii. 139. **Wherein . . . in.** Note here the use of the double preposition. *Cf.* l. 90.

II. vii. 139. **All the world's a stage**; the simile in this world-famous passage is not Shakespeare's own. It is said to have been inscribed on the Globe Theatre in its Latin form, "Totus mundus agit histrionem." And the same simile has been found in pre-Shakespearian writers. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, I. i. 78.

II. vii. 143. **His acts being seven ages**; the division of man's life into seven ages has come down from very ancient times, and has been variously recorded in literature and in art.

II. vii. 144. **Mewling and puking**; mewling is whimpering. Fr. *miauler*, to mew. Puking; slobbering over its clothing. *Cf.* Ger. *spucken*, to spit.

II. vii. 148. **Sighing like furnace**; which draws in air and puffs out smoke. Cf. *Cymbeline*, I. vi. 66.

II. vii. 150. **Strange oaths**; foreign oaths, picked up in strange or foreign lands. Cf. *Henry V.*, III. vi. 78. Also Ben Jonson's character of Captain Bobadil.

II. vii. 156. **Saws**; sayings, axioms. *Cf.* Act III. Sc. v. 81 We still talk of "old saws." Cf. *Twelfth Night*, III. iv. 413.

II. vii. 156. **Modern instances**; commonplace, trite examples.

II. vii. 158. **Pantaloon**; an old fool, a dotard in slippers. A character introduced with the Harlequin from old Italian comedy, in which it represented the typical Venetian, from the patron saint of Venice, S. Pantaleon.

II. vii. 160. **Youthful hose**; breeches made for him in youth. *Cf.* "youthful wages." Act II. Sc. iii. 67.

II. vii. 186. **Benefits forgot: friends remembered not.** In both these expressions the thought is thrown *from* the person stung by such unkindnesses *to* the person who commits them; *i.e.*, A is stung by finding that, in such a nature as B's, benefits are apt to be forgotten and a friend is not remembered. The bitter sky does not bite so nigh as the fact that benefits are forgotten, nor sting so sharply as the fact that a friend is not remembered.

II. vii. 187. **Waters warp**; distort, throw up. *Cf.* Ger. *werfen* and "warp and woof." Cf. *The Winter's Tale*, I. ii. 365.

II. vii. 187. **Limned**; drawn. *Cf.* the word "limner" still in use. Fr. *enluminer*.

II. vii. 187. **Residue of your fortune**; remainder of your history.

ACT III.

III. i. 2. **The better part**; the most part, or the greater part. *Cf.* Act I. Sc. ii. 251.

III. i. 4. **Thou present**; thou being present. If the Duke had not been merciful he would have punished the brother who was present.

III. i. 6. **With candle.** *Cf.* Luke xv. 8—The woman seeking the lost piece of silver. Schlegel thought it might also refer to Diogenes searching by day with a lantern for an honest man. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, II. vi. 41.

III. i. 11. **Quit thee**; acquit thyself.

III. i. 16. **Officers of such a nature**; the special officers whose duty it is.

III. i. 17. **Make an extent**; to "make an extent" was used as to "serve a writ"; but it has been pointed out that a "writ of extent," or a writ "*extendi facias*," is a special right of the Crown, which could demand "to the full extent" the value of a debt on lands, goods, and person, in satisfaction for a debt. The phrase, "*extendi facias*," moreover, applied specially to the writ served on houses and lands.

III. i. 18. **Expediently**; speedily, expeditiously. Cf. *Richard II.*, I. iv. 89.

III. ii. 2. **Thrice-crowned queen of night**; alluding to the triple personality of the goddess who reigned in heaven, earth, and the regions of darkness. Ancient art represents Hecate with three heads. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. i. 39; also Ben Jonson's *Hymn to Cynthia*, and Horace's Odes, Bk. I. Canto xxii. 4, "*Diva triformis*."

III. ii. 4. **Thy huntress' name**; Rosalind's. She is called one of Diana's huntresses.

III. ii. 5. **These trees . . . my books.** *Cf.* Lodge's *Rosalynde*, where not only are lovers' sonnets fixed on trees, and even on sheep-hooks, as "labels" of love, but "many passionate poems" are hanged upon a hearse.

III. ii. 6. **Character;** inscribe.

III. ii. 10. **Unexpressive;** inexpressible, indescribable. *Cf.* Milton, *Lycidas*, l. 176, "the unexpressive nuptial song."

III. ii. 31. **May complain of good breeding;** of the lack of good breeding. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, II. vii. 33.

III ii. 45. **Parlous;** perilous. The pronunciation of the word was then a dissyllable. *Richard III.*, III. i. 134.

III. ii. 55. **Fells;** fleeces. *Cf.* Ger. *Fell*, hide, skin. Cf. *Macbeth*, V. v. ii. "my fell of hair."

III. ii. 57. **Mutton;** for sheep. *Cf.* "muttons and beefs," *Merchant of Venice*, I. iii. 168.

III. ii. 62. **More sounder.** Note here the example of the double comparative, which arose through the inflection "*er*," and that of "est" for the superlative, losing some of their force. The addition of *more* and *most* was therefore made to give greater emphasis. Cf. *The Tempest*, I. ii. 19, "more better"; *Measure for Measure*, II. ii. 16, "more fitter."

III. ii. 65. **Civet;** the scent from the civet cat. Cf. *King Lear*, IV. vi. 132.

III. ii. 68. **Perpend;** reflect, consider. Cf. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 105 ("Perpend, I have a daughter").

III. ii. 73. **Make incision;** making an incision and letting blood—*i.e.*, cure you. The practice of phlebotomy was at this time general. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 97.

III. ii. 75. **Get;** the clothing would be homespun, not bought.

III. ii. 77. **Glad . . . content;** before each of these the word "*am*" must be understood.

III. ii. 78. **My harm;** with my own estate and condition, poor though it be.

III. ii. 101. **The right butter-woman's rank to market.** The Clarendon Press editor is inclined to think that *rack* should be used for *rank*. *Rack* was a word in use for *an ambling pace*: "it is the true butter-woman's amble to market." If the word is *rank*, the meaning must be *order of going*. (Note, Clarendon Press Edition). *Cf.* the term still in use, a *cab-rank—i.e.*, a line of cabs on a stand.

III. ii. 116. **The very false gallop.** "False gallop" seems to have been also a recognised term for a particular kind of pace; possibly a "canter," which is said to have taken its name from the pace of the pilgrims, *i.e.*, a *Canter*-bury pace. *Much Ado About Nothing*, III. iv. 94.

III. ii. 120. **Graff**; graft. Fr. *greffer.* Shakespeare uses both forms. Cf. 2 *Henry IV.*, V. iii. 3; *Richard II.*, III. iv. 101.

III. ii. 121. **Medlar**; a play on the word. Cf. *Timon of Athens*, IV. iii. 307-9.

III. ii. 121. **Earliest fruit**; not in ripening, but in rotting.

III. ii. 131. **Civil sayings**; the axioms or teachings of civilisation.

III. ii. 133. **Erring**; wandering, *errant*. *Cf.* Prayer Book, "we have erred and strayed . . . like lost sheep"; also Isaiah xxxv. 8.

III. ii. 134. **A span**; a measure . . . . *Cf.* Psalm xxxiv. (Prayer Book Version); *Troilus and Cressida*, "spans and inches" (II. ii. 30).

III. ii. 135. **Buckles in**; encircles, like a belt. Cf. *Macbeth*, V. ii. 15.

III. ii. 142. **Quintessence**; a strong extract; from the "fifth essence" of the old philosophers, an essence over and above the four elements; "the soul of the world." Cf. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 321.

III. ii. 150. **Better part.** This seems to stand for whatever in Atalanta was her chief charm: it was possibly her form and limbs, in which case it would be the "*greater* part" also. (*See* previous use of "better part.")

III. ii. 153. **Synod.** A heavenly synod had devised and created a Rosalind who united in herself all the most prized traits of many fair women.

III. ii. 157. **And I to live and die.** The meaning of these lines are, "And" (Heaven grant) "that I am to live and die," etc.

III. ii. 166. **Scrip and scrippage**; the scrip, or pouch, and the staff were part of a shepherd's equipment. Lodge mentions their "hooks, bags and bottles," and makes Ganymede speak of "our homely scrips." The lover scorned by Phebe appears with "Dispaire" painted on his bottle.

III. ii. 179. **Seven of the nine days out of the wonder**; "a nine days' wonder": still an expression in ordinary use. Cf. 3 *Henry VI.*, III. ii. 113.

III. ii. 181. **Palm-tree.** The Forest of Arden, both in *As You Like It* and in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, is a forest of the imagination, a poetic fancy, and combines foreign and tropical with purely English vegetation. Lodge mentions palms, olives, figs and citrons, pomegranates and myrrh trees, and makes his characters shelter from the sun under the "white poppie" and the "climbing pine." *Cf.* III. v. 75, the "tuft of olives." It has been thought that this "palm" here may be that English willow which is the "palm" of our English Palm Sunday.

III. ii. 182. **Since Pythagoras' time**; an allusion to the doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls. Pythagoras was a great Greek philosopher (582—500 B.C.). Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. 131.

III. ii. 182. **An Irish rat**; it was a popular superstition that Irish witches had the power of "rhyming to death" by incantations, and there are other allusions in the old English playwriters to rats so "rhymed to death." *Cf.* Browning's "Pied Piper." *Cf.* also Ben Jonson, *Poetaster*. *See* conclusion "To the Reader" ("Rhime them to death as they do Irish rats").

III. ii. 186. **And**; here is made to do duty elliptically for "yes, a man, and one who has," etc. Cf. *Coriolanus*, I. i. 82.

III. ii. 189. **Friends to meet.** This is a contradiction of the old proverb, "Friends may meet but mountains never greet."

III. ii. 198. **Out of all hooping**; beyond all applause. Hooping, or whooping: shouting in praise. Cf. *Henry V.* II. ii. 108.

III. ii. 199. **Good my complexion!** *Cf.* "sweet my coz!" Rosalind appeals to her face not to betray her by blushing. Note the inversion of the adjective. *Cf.* also "Dear my lord," *Julius Cæsar*, II. i. 255.

III. ii. 201. **One inch of delay**; for every inch of delay in telling me, I am voyaging over a whole South Sea of discovery. Rosalind figures herself as an explorer, with the land of her discovery, still unseen, ahead.

III. ii. 211. **God's making.** Cf. *King Lear*, II. ii. 59, 60. Dr Aldis Wright supplies the suggestion "or his tailor's." (Note, Clarendon Press Edition.)

III. ii. 221. **Speak, sad brow and true maid**; sad is serious. We say "seriously," or "joking apart," or "in all seriousness." Cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, I. i. 185.

III. ii. 229. **Wherein went he**; how was he dressed.

III. ii. 233. **Gargantua's mouth**; Gargantua, or "Great Mouth," the giant of Rabelais, who swallowed the pilgrims with their staves.

III. ii. 240. **Atomies**; motes in a sunbeam. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I. iv. 157.

III. ii. 240. **Resolve the propositions**; solve the propositions.

III. ii. 244. **Jove's tree**; the oak, from which the acorn dropped. A reference to Virgil's lines in the *Georgics*, III. 332.

III. ii. 252. **Holla! . . .** Stop! Celia likens Rosalind to an impatient steed curveting.

III. ii. 253. **Furnished**; equipped. There is a play of words here on "heart" and "hart." Cf. *Twelfth Night*, IV. i. 63.

III ii. 255. **Without a burden**; the burden of a song was an accompaniment of a bass or undersong sung throughout. Cf. *The Tempest*, I. ii. 381.

III. ii. 256. **Thou bringst me out of tune**; you put me out; make

me sing out of tune. *Cf* Ben Jonson, *Every Man Out of His Humour*, "Induction" ("had I spoke it, I must of necessity have been out").

III. ii. 266. **God buy you**; good-bye.

III. ii. 271. **moe**; used only with the plural.

III. ii. 274. **Just**; "just so," "exactly." It may be allowable to remember here the modern "rather!"

III. ii. 282. **Conned**; studied so as to learn by heart. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 161.

III. ii. 282. **Out of rings**; alluding to the mottoes, or posies, inscribed in rings. *Hamlet*, III. ii. 162.

III. ii. 283. **Painted cloth**; hangings for rooms, of cloth or canvas painted with designs, scriptural and other, and mottoes and morals. Cf. 1 *Henry IV.*, IV. ii. 28.

III. ii. 289. **No breather . . . but**; no living person except. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. iii. 24.

III. ii. 318. **Who**; for whom. Commonly used by Shakespeare.

III. ii. 322. **Trots hard**; this means, not a *quick*, but an *uneasy* pace. *Cf.* "a hard pace," "a hard month," hard-won—*i.e.*, with difficulty.

III. ii. 325. **Se'nnight**; the old form of expressing "week." A.S. *Seofon-niht*. *Cf.* fortnight.

III. ii. 353. **An old religious uncle**; an uncle who was a member of a religious order.

III. ii. 354. **Inland man.** Inland is used in contrast with outlying parts of the country; more civilised. *Cf.* Act II. Sc. vii. 96.

III. ii. 355. **Courtship**; a play on the word. With allusion to the court and courtly manners, and love-making. *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii. 363.

III. ii. 363. **As halfpence are.** Halfpence were in recent circulation when this play was written, and were more uniform than other coinage. They were in use between 1582-83 and 1601.

III. ii. 374. **The Quotidian of love**; a quotidian fever, in which the paroxysms recurred at the same hour each day. Cf. *Henry V.*, II. i. 124.

III. ii. 376. **Love-shaked**; alludes to the shivering in the ague fits or paroxysms of fever. Note this form of the participle—the preterite being used for the past participle. Cf. *Othello*, II. i. 13, "the wind-shaked surge."

III. ii. 383. **A blue eye**; means here with dark circles under the eyes. Cf. *The Tempest*, I. ii. 269.

III. ii. 387. **Your having in beard**; what you have in the way of a beard.

III. ii. 393. **Point-device**; spick and span, precise. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. i. 21.

III. ii. 412. **A dark house and a whip.** This was the treatment of lunacy in Shakespeare's day and for long afterwards, and contrasts sadly with the "padded room" of modern workhouses and infirmaries. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, III. iv. 148.

III. ii. 421. **Moonish**; changeable, of many moods. *Cf.* the expression, "mooning about."

III. ii. 430. **Drave**; old form of the preterite of "drove" (biblical). *See* Acts vii. 45, and elsewhere.

III. ii. 431. **Living**; actual, real. Cf. *Othello*, III. iii. 409. *Cf.* also "living image."

III. ii. 434. **Wash your liver.** According to the ancient belief, the passions found their seat in the liver. Rosalind, playing the young shepherd, finds her similes among the sheep.

III. iii. 1. **Audrey**; corruption or "short" for Etheldreda. Cf. *tawdry*—first used of the lace sold at the Fair of St Audrey, then for smart cheap things generally.

III. iii. 3. **Feature**; the whole appearance. Cf. *The Tempest*, III. i. 52.

III. iii. 7-9. **Goats . . . Goths**; all puns on *goats*, *capricious* (*capra*, a goat), and *Goths* (pronounced like the German *roth*).

III. iii. 9. **Ovid . . . among the Goths**; the Getæ, among whom Ovid was living when he was banished to Tomi on the Euxine. (*See* Mr Aldis Wright's Note, Clarendon Press Edition.)

III. iii. 11. **Jove in a thatched house.** Another reference to Ovid, viz., to the story of Baucis and Philemon (*Metamorphosis*, viii. Fab. 7, 8, 9).

III. iii. 15. **A great reckoning in a little room**; a big bill charged for a poor entertainment, at a small poor tavern.

III. iii. 19. **The truest poetry is the most feigning.** Cf. *Twelfth Night*, I. v. 206-8.

III. iii. 21. **May be said . . .** What they swear in poetry is spoken merely in the *rôle* of lover.

III. iii. 29. **Hard-favoured**; plain-featured. *Cf.* Scotch *ill-faured* and *weel-faured*.

III. iii. 38. **Foul**; ugly, in contradistinction to fair. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 133.

III. iii. 42. **Sir Oliver Martext.** The title "Sir" was applied to men who had taken a bachelor's degree in a University. *Cf.* Sir Hugh Evans in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, also Sir Nathaniel in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

III. iii. 56. **Noblest deer . . . rascal**; "rascal" was a technical term for deer in ill condition and so not worth hunting.

III. iii. 59. **More worthier**. Note here still another example of the double comparative. *Cf.* Act III. Sc. ii. 62.

III. iii. 65. **Dispatch us**; marry—as if it were to kill.

III. iii. 73. **God 'ild you**; yield, reward you.

III. iii. 78. **Bow**; a yoke, sometimes shaped like a bow.

III. iii. 90. **Not in the mind but I were better**; I am not sure that it would not be better for me.

III. iii. 99. **O sweet Oliver**, etc.; this is a fragment of an apparently very popular ballad which appeared in 1584, and was followed a few days later by "The answer of O sweet Oliver," and again in 1586 by "O sweet Oliver altered to the Scriptures." The old refrain which so caught the Elizabethan public ear,

> "O sweet Oliver,
> Leave me not behind thee,"

may recall the lasting popularity of "The girl I left behind me."

III. iii. 106. **Flout me out of my calling** We see here the obstinately conscientious old parson, who would not be laughed out of doing his duty even if it lost him a marriage.

III. iv. 8. **Browner than Judas's**; alluding to the colour of Judas's beard, which in the old tapestries was made always red.

III. iv. 14. **Holy bread**; the sacramental bread at Holy Communion.

III. iv. 15. **Cast lips**; either cast into shape, and therefore grown cold, or "cast off," *viz.*, thrown away. The lips of Diana would be coldly chaste. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, II. v. 161.

III. iv. 15. **Diana**; goddess of Chastity and of Hunting: also worshipped as the moon. *Cf.* Ben Jonson's *Hymn to Cynthia* ("Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair").

III. iv. 16. **Winter's sisterhood**; expressive of any order of nuns professing special severity or austerity.

III. iv. 24. **Concave**; hollow. "A covered goblet with a lid on it is more hollow than a goblet without a cover."—Oxford Editors.

III. iv. 30. **The word of a tapster**; who welcomed all comers to his tavern. The figure is continued in the "false reckonings."

III. iv. 37. **What talk we**; what have we to say of.

III. iv. 41. **Quite traverse, athwart the heart of,** etc.; right across: he breaks his word, as an inferior or second-rate tilter breaks his staff, right across against the shield of his opponent.

III. iv. 42. **Puisny tilter**; unskilled, second-rate. *Cf.* puny, and *puisne* judges.

III. iv. 47. **Complain'd of love**; as a sickness, or visitation, which made him run into folly. Note the construction of this and the succeeding line, and "who" being used for "whom."

III. iv. 52. **Pale complexion**; pale face. It was an old belief that the sighing of love "cost the fresh blood dear." Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. ii. 96.

III. v. 5. **Falls not**; does not let fall. Note here the transitive used for the usual intransitive form. Cf. *Richard III.*, V. iii. 135.

III. v. 6. **But first begs pardon**. This seems to have been the custom at executions, and is recorded as having happened at Sir Walter Raleigh's execution.

III. v. 7. **Dies and lives**; we now say "lives and dies"; *i.e.*, spends his whole life. An example in some degree of the rhetorical figure of *hysteron-proteron*—the cart before the horse.

III. v. 11. **'Tis pretty, sure**; "a pretty thing, to be sure!" She means, of course, that it is very unfair. The remark would be made in a satirical tone.

III. v. 23. **Cicatrice**; here used as a mark, but not of a cut. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV. iii. 62.

III. v. 23. **Capable impressure**; impression capable of being felt; sensible.

III. v. 24. **Some moment**; a moment or two—some seconds. *Some* used to be employed with the singular.

III. v. 43. **Nature's sale work**; what Nature makes to be sold ready-made to fit everybody. *Cf.* "slop-work."

III. v. 43. **'Ods my life**; this was an oath exceedingly common in Elizabethan times. The introduction of the adjective, "Od's my little life," was less common.

III. v. 50. **Foggy south**. Cf. *Cymbeline*, IV. ii. 349 ("Spongy South"). The south was regarded as the quarter whence came fog and rain, as the north was the hiding-place of the powers of Darkness.

III. v. 51. **Properer**; handsomer. *Cf.* l. 55, and Act III. Sc. ii. 62.

III. v. 52. **'Tis such fools as you that makes**; it is because there are such fools as you that, etc. Note the agreement of the verb with "it "it is" in place of "fools." It therefore stands in the singular.

III. v. 62. **Foul . . . foulness**; ugly . . . ugliness.

III. v. 73. **Vows made in wine**; made when intoxicated with wine.

III. v. 81. **Dead shepherd**. Here the Elizabethan *shepherd* for *poet*. The line "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight" is Christopher Marlowe's, from his *Hero and Leander*, first published in 1598 and very

popular. Marlowe had been killed, June 1, 1593, in a brawl at Deptford, where he is buried outside the old parish church.

III. v. 81. **Saw of might**; either thy "saying to be true" or thy "powerful saying"; in the latter case we should have to read "find" as meaning "realise" ("Dead Shepherd, now I realise the true meaning of thy saying"), etc.

III. v. 93. **Yet it is not**; the time has not yet come. Cf. *Hamlet*, V. ii. 231-33 ("If it be now," etc.).

III. v. 100. **Poverty of grace**; in such poor esteem, such small favour.

III. v. 103. **Loose**; let fall, like a stray stalk of grain.

III. v. 108. **Carlot**; an old rustic: churl. *Cf.* Scotch, "auld carle," and Ger. *Kerl*, fellow. Carlot is a variant of carl. Cf. *Cymbeline*, V. ii. 4; Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid of the Mill*, III. i. 7 ("obstreperous carl, if thy throat's tempest could o'erturn my house").

III. v. 113. **It.** Note the use here of "it" for he. *Cf.* Act I. Sc. i. 147.

III. v. 123. **Constant red**; one uniform shade of red, in contrast with the variegated or mingled shades of the damask rose.

III. v. 125. **In parcels**; piecemeal.

III. v. 129. **What had he to do to chide at me**; what business had he to. Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. iii. 164.

ACT IV.

IV. i. 7. **Modern censure**; trite, commonplace criticism. *Cf.* Act II. Sc. vii. 156. *Cf.* also Lodge's expression in the "Epistle to Gentlemen Readers" prefixed to *Rosalynde*, in which he begs them to "censure with favour."

IV. i. 11. **Emulation**; jealousy, ignoble ambition. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, II. iii. 14.

IV. i. 18. **The sundry contemplation . . . my often rumination**; varied or various. *Cf.* 1 Timothy v. 23, "thine often infirmities."

IV. i. 20. **Most humorous sadness**; sadness compounded of all kinds of emotions, complex. *Cf.* another "sad" in "sad brow." Cf. *Coriolanus*, II. i. 5 ("I am known to be a *humorous* patrician").

IV. i. 33. **Monsieur Traveller.** Rosalind here laughs at the half foreign accent and outlandish dress of people who have travelled abroad.

IV. i. 38. **Have swam**; swum: been afloat in a gondola, *i.e.*, been as far as Venice. A tour in the cities of Italy was, in Shakespeare's time and

after, the approved thing for young men of family and fortune. (See *Diary* of John Evelyn, b. 1620, and the mention in Pepys's *Diary* (1665) of the "Picture of Venice" hung up in the hall at Eton.)

IV. i. 48. **That Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder**; *i.e.*, arrested him—as people are arrested with a warrant by officers of the law.

IV. i. 56. **Than you make a woman**; than you make to—settle on—a woman.

IV. i. 66. **Of a better leer**; a better face—aspect—expression. Our meaning of *leer* has degenerated to one particular kind of expression.

IV. i. 72. **You were better**; it were better for you. *Cf.* Act III. Sc. iii. 90.

IV. i. 75. **When they are out**; when they are at a loss what to say next. *Cf.* Act III. Sc. ii. 256 ("bring me out"). *Cf.* Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Par. III. Sec. 2, Memb. 4, Sub. 1 ("Kissing and courting are never out of season").

IV. i. 80. **There begins new matter**; by making you entreat, she gives you something else to say.

IV. i. 86. **Suit—suit.** Note here the same play of words as before.

IV. i. 95. **Died in his own person.** Rosalind, as Ganymede, speaks in the person of, *i.e.*, is impersonating, Orlando's ladylove. Orlando's "in mine own person" is repartee—"I die of myself." Rosalind retorts that he must die by proxy; no man ever died of himself, etc., and then she turns to ridicule the fates of Troilus and Leander.

IV. i. 97. **Grecian club**; a club was the London 'prentice's weapon: of course the whole of this passage is a travesty of the two legends.

IV. i. 104. **Foolish chroniclers . . . found it was,** etc. She speaks of the old writers who have recorded Leander's fate as if they were jurymen at a coroner's inquest, who "find" a cause of death.

IV. i. 155. **Like Diana in the fountain.** The editor of the Clarendon Press Edition of *As You Like It* quotes a passage from Stow's *Survey of London*, 1603: "In the year 1596 . . . there was set up on the east side of the cross in West Cheap, a curiously wrought tabernacle of grey marble, and in the same an image alabaster of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her naked breast for a time, but now decayed." The Clarendon Press editor thinks that a figure of Diana in a fountain was not so uncommon that Shakespeare need have had any particular example in view, and that in any case his recollection of this Diana was not accurate. The structure in West Cheap, however, so recently "set up," working "for a time," but already out of order by 1603, must have been a familiar object to Londoners in the year 1600, when the play was

entered at Stationers' Hall. It may possibly have been an object of amusement, as a municipal failure.

IV. i. 162. **Make the doors**; close, shut the doors. *Cf.* Ger. *auf* and *zu machen*.

IV. i. 163. **'Twill out**; the verb understood. *Cf.* the saying "murder will out"; also *cf.* Act I. Sc. ii. 216.

IV. i. 167. **Wit, whither wilt**; a popular satirical saying of the time, which seems to have been used to check anyone who was talking too fast. *See* the next line—"You might keep that check." *Cf.* Dekker's *Satiromastix*, "Thou art within a haire of it, my sweet wit, whither wilt thou, my delicate poetical fury, thou hast hit it to a haire."

IV. i. 172. **Take her without her answer**; while a woman has a tongue you will never be able to catch her without an answer ready.

IV. i. 175. **Her husband's occasion**; an occasion against him; *i.e.*, for getting the better of him.

IV. i. 207. **Bay of Portugal**; "that portion of the sea off the coast of Portugal from Oporto to the headland of Cintra," where the water is so deep that it would have had "an unknown bottom" in Shakespeare's time. (*See* Note, Clarendon Press Edition.)

IV. ii. 13. **Then sing him home**: [The *rest shall bear this burden.*] There is some doubt as to whether this should not be printed, as in the folios, in one line.

IV. iii. 2. **Much Orlando**; here is much (*i.e.*, nothing at all, of) Orlando to be seen! said ironically, as "much good it will do you!"

IV. iii. 17. **As rare as phœnix**; alludes to the ancient myth that the phœnix lived for 500 years, and, when it burnt itself, another phœnix arose from its ashes. *See* Note to *The Tempest*, III. iii. 23, *Temple Shakespeare for Schools*.

IV. iii. 50. **Eyne**; eyes: old plurals, used in poetry. A.S. *eagan*, O.E. *eyen*.

IV. iii. 53. **Aspect**; the "aspect" of a planet—for good or evil—was a term in astrology. Shakespeare uses it in Sonnet xxvi. 10. *Cf.* also "the ill aspects of planets evil" (*Troilus and Cressida*, I. iii. 92).

IV. iii. 68. **An instrument.** Cf. *Hamlet's* "you cannot play upon me."

IV. iii. 70. **A tame snake**; *i.e.*, a poor harmless reptile. Snakes were frequently associated with poverty. *Cf.* Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Captain*, I. iii. 148 ("No snakes to poison us with poverty").

IV. iii. 76. **Fair ones**; for fair one. (*See* Introduction. Signs of haste in finishing the play.)

IV. iii. 77. **In the purlieus of this forest**; the *purlieus* of a forest were the lands adjoining it; a term in forestry.

IV. iii. 79. **Neighbour**; neighbouring; the biblical form. *Cf.* Jer. xlix. 18.

IV. iii. 87. **Of female favour**; of a girlish, or feminine, appearance. In previous note "favoured" and "faured."

IV. iii. 87. **Bestows . . . ripe**; her deportment or behaviour is that of an elder or grown-up sister.

IV. iii. 102. **Chewing the food**; as a cow chews the cud. (Some readings supply *cud.*)

IV. iii. 118. **The royal disposition of that beast.** The lion was supposed not to attack those who were asleep or dead. Royal, because proud and generous in disposition, which did not attack a fallen or helpless foe.

IV. iii. 123. **He did render**; did give him out to be; report him to be.

IV. iii. 127. **Suck'd and hungry lioness**; *i.e.*, with udders all drawn dry, l. 115. Her cubs had sucked her dry, and she was herself hungry. Cf. *Arden of Feversham*, l. 1217 ("The starven lioness when she is dry-sucked of her eager young").

IV. iii. 130. **Just occasion**; it would have been a fair opportunity of revenge: his brother had fallen into his hands.

IV. iii. 136. **I do not shame**; am not ashamed.

IV. iii. 141. **Recountments**; each recounts to the other his history since their parting.

IV. iii. 160. **There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!** Rosalind means "there is more in this than you understand"; and in her confusion she calls *Cousin*, though still keeping the "Ganymede."

IV. iii. 166. **I do so**; of course—being a woman—she does. The repartee which follows is all fraught with the same meaning.

IV. iii. 166. **Ah, Sirrah!** Sirrah; sir, when spoken to an inferior. A sort of exclamation here; not necessarily addressed to anyone. *Cf.* Scotch, "Hech, sirs!" which is often said in soliloquy. "Sirs" and "Sirrah" were used in this way in addressing men and women alike.

IV. iii. 166. **A body**; one would think: the word was then in common use, and is still used provincially and in Scotch. "Gin a body meet a body," etc. When used now it has a deprecatory sense—a poor body; a busy-body, etc.

ACT V

V. i. 12. **We shall be flouting**; we must be having our little jokes. *Cf.* Act I. Sc. ii. 46; *Coriolanus*, II. iii. 168.

V. i. 15. **God ye good even**; may God gi' you, etc. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I. ii. 58 ("God-gi'-god-den").

V. i. 17. **Cover thy head**; put on thy hat. The rustic is respectful to the court fool, and the fool assumes the grand air with him.

V. i. 59. **I will bandy with thee in faction**; I will fight it out with thee. Cf. 1 *Henry VI.*, IV. i. 190.

V. i. 60. **O'errun thee with policy**; out-do you by stratagem.

V. ii. 4. **Persever**; the usual spelling with Shakespeare; the accent falling on the second syllable. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. ii. 92.

V. ii. 7. **The poverty of her**; her poverty. *Cf.* "the absurdity of it!"

V. ii. 13. **Will I estate upon you**; will I settle as an estate on you.

V. ii. 21. **Fair sister.** Note that Oliver addresses Ganymede as "sister," apparently in support of Ganymede's part of lady-love.

V. ii. 32. **Where you are**; what you mean. *Cf.* the expression "to follow."

V. ii. 34. **Thrasonical**; boastful. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. i. 14. A coined word; from Thraso, the name of a boastful character in Terence's *Eunuchus*.

V. ii. 35. **I came, saw and overcame**; Cæsar's famous words—"Veni, vidi, vici." *Cf.* Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*.

V. ii. 44. **Wrath of love**; ardour of love. *Cf.* Nash, *Summer's Last Will*, II. i. 137 ("he is in the first wrath of love").

V. ii. 44. **Will together.** Note that here the verb is understood. *Cf.* Act IV. Sc. i. 163.

V. ii. 45. **Clubs cannot part them**; when a street fray occurred in Old London there would be a cry of "clubs!" a signal to the 'prentices armed with those weapons to dash into the midst of it, presumably to separate the combatants, but often to join in the fray on their own account. There are several allusions to clubs in Shakespeare's plays. Cf. 1 *Henry VI.*, I. iii. 84 ("I'll call for clubs if you will not away").

V. ii. 46. **Bid the Duke to the nuptial**; invite. *Cf.* l. 79, "bid your friends," and Matt. xxii. 3.

V. ii. 49. **By so much . . . by how much**; a sum in inverse proportion.

V. ii. 53. **Serve your turn for**; serve your turn by standing for.

V. ii. 55. **Live by thinking**; live by imagining (that you are Rosalind).

V. ii. 59. **Of good conceit**; of good understanding, intelligence.

V. ii. 59. **I speak not this . . . in so much I say**; I do not say this

to make you think much of my understanding, because I think well of yours.

V. ii. 64. **Not to grace me**; not to do me credit. *Cf.* Act I. Sc. i. 154. "I only want your esteem, if it will cause you to believe me for your own good—not for my credit."

V. ii. 68. **Not damnable**; not reprehensible, deserving condemnation, as one who uses his power for evil.

V. ii. 69. **Your gesture cries it out**; your bearing or behaviour proclaims it.

V. ii. 77. **By my life . . . which I tender dearly**; alluding to the heavy penalties for witchcraft and sorcery in Shakespeare's day.

V. ii. 102. **Observance**; reverence, homage. Note the recurrence of "observance" in this passage. It has been conjectured that some other word was intended in place of one of them.

V. ii. 112. **Who do you speak to?** Orlando is addressing as "you" a ladylove who is not there.

V. ii. 115. **The howling of Irish wolves**. *Cf.* Lodge's *Rosalynde*, when Ganymede says, "I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkest with the wolves of Syria against the moone." Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, IV. iii. 27. There were still wolves in Ireland when Shakespeare wrote.

V. iii. 4. **A woman of the world**; a married woman.

V. iii. 11. **Clap into it roundly**; begin at once, set about it. *Cf.* "plunge into it," "dive into it." Cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, III. iv. 44.

V. iii. 36. **Untuneable**; untuneful, unmelodious.

V. iii. 37. **Kept time**; the page confounds time and tune, and draws the fool by suggesting "lost time."

V. iv. 4. **As those that fear**: as those do who are afraid to hope, but realise their diffidence;—this last state of mind suggesting some revival of hope.

V. iv. 5. **Compact.** Note that the noun has the stress on the last syllable—the usual pronunciation with Shakespeare. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, III. i. 215.

V. iv. 25. **Make these doubts all even**; set these mistakes all straight.

V. iv. 27. **My daughter's favour**; appearance, likeness. *Cf.* provincial expression "to favour," *i.e.*, to resemble, take after. Cf. 1. *Henry IV.*, III. ii. 136.

V. iv. 32. **Desperate studies**; dangerous, as appertaining to magic and witchcraft, which was punishable. *Cf.* the expression, "desperate remedies" for cures in themselves dangerous.

V. iv. 35. **Another flood toward**; coming on, going to happen.

V. iv. 45. **Put me to my purgation**; set me to prove the truth of my statement. *Cf.* Act I. Sc. iii. 52; also *Henry VIII.*, V. iii. 152.

V. iv. 45. **Trod a measure**; gone through the steps of a dance. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 1148.

V. iv. 49. **And like to have fought**; and were very nearly fighting.

V. iv. 58. **Country copulatives**; country couples, or those who desire to be wed.

V. iv. 65. **Swift and sententious**; glib or quick-witted, and full of wisdom; pithy. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. i. 3.

V. iv. 66. **According to the fool's bolt**; according to the saying, "a fool's bolt is soon shot."

V. iv. 67. **Dulcet diseases**; mild or harmless complaints. Some commentators have suggested discourses; but, as it stands, another figure of speech would be used—another example of "swiftness."

V. iv. 70. **Seven times removed**; counting from the "Lie Direct" to the "Retort Courteous."

V. iv. 71. **More seeming**; hold yourself more becomingly.

V. iv. 79. **He disabled my judgement**; he disparaged. *Cf.* Act IV. Sc. i. 34.

V. iv. 93. **By the book**; an allusion to a treatise, *Vincentio Saviolo: His Practise*, printed 1595, in two books; the first dealing with the use of the Rapier and Dagger, and the second with the rules of Honour and Honourable Quarrels. The rule for the giving and receiving of Lies are considered, and Lies are treated under various heads.

V. iv. 94. **Books for good manners.** *Cf.* the modern hand-books of *Etiquette*. Shakespeare may have had some such book in his mind, or "as we have" may be meant to refer still to Saviolo's *Practise; i.e.*, "as it seems we are to have books to teach us how to behave."

V. iv. 106. **Swore brothers.** *Cf.* "to swear friendship," "sworn enemies."

V. iv. 111. **Stalking horse**; sometimes real, sometimes the figure of a horse with trappings, concealed under which a sportsman could stalk and mark his game.

V. iv. 120. **Whose heart**, etc.; meaning, "into his hand may be put the hand of her whose heart is already in his heart."

V. iv. 144. **Feed yourselves with questioning**; they are all naturally eager to solve the mystery of Rosalind's appearance.

V. iv. 156. **Thy faith . . . combine**; your faithfulness has bound me to you.

V. iv. 156. **Jaques de Bois.** Note that there are two people named Jaques, and two named Oliver in the play. The vicar's name, "Sir Oliver,"

allowed of the introduction of the song-refrain ; but there is no apparent reason for a second Jaques.

V. iv. 170. **And . . . restored** ; *he* understood ; the previous line being in parenthesis. The formation of the sentence, as it stands, suggests a messenger's haste in telling his news.

V. iv. 173. **Offer'st fairly** ; you bring a suitable offering to your brother's wedding. *Cf.* English Prayer-Book Communion Service, "we offer and present unto thee."

V. iv. 174. **To one** ; *i.e.*, to the banished Duke.

V. iv. 174. **To the other** ; *i.e.*, Orlando, who, in marrying the Duke's daughter, will inherit her possessions.

V. iv. 175. **A potent** ; a potential (*i.e.*, in the future).

V. iv. 176. **Let us do those ends** ; let us finish up, complete.

V. iv. 179. **Shrewd** ; sharp, bitter, hard : or perhaps evil, bad : as in Eccles. xii. 1 ("While the evil days come not"), and Prov. xv. 15 ("All the days of the afflicted are evil").

V. iv. 181. **Measure.** Note the repetitions, "according to the measure of their states," and "with measure heaped in joy" . . . "to the measures fall." *Cf.* Luke vi. 38.

V. iv. 186. **By your patience** ; by or with your leave.

V. iv. 187. **Put on a religious life** ; join a religious order (with its distinctive habit). *Cf.* term "to enter religion."

V. iv. 188. **The pompous court** ; the court, with its pomp and ceremony.

V. iv. 192. **Bequeath** ; leave, as by will. Jaques is speaking as one going away from it all.

V. iv. 193. **Deserves.** Note the singular verb doing duty for two nouns closely linked in meaning.

EPILOGUE

4. **Good wine needs no bush** ; in allusion to the old sign of an ivy bush or branch over the inn door, a sign still common in German villages.

9. **Insinuate** ; ingratiate. *Cf.* "insinuating manners."

14. **As please you.** Note here the use of the subjunctive mood, "as may please you."

18. **If I were a woman** ; the women's parts, in Shakespeare's time, and till the Restoration, were taken by men. *See* Pepys's *Diary*, various entries in which show that the introduction of women players was a novelty in his day. This fact would increase the complications of the part of Rosalind.

Glossary

[The student is recommended to consult Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* and Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*.]

Abandon (verb), leave, forsake; II. i. 50.

Abhor (verb), shun, avoid; II. iii. 28. Lat. *abhorrere*, shrink from through terror. Cf. *Measure for Measure*, II. ii. 29.

Abuse (verb), deceive; III. v. 79. Lat. *abusus*, p.p. of *abuti*, to use amiss. Cf. *The Winter's Tale*, II. i. 141.

Accent (sub.). pronunciation; III. ii. 359. Late Lat. *accentus*, a tone.

Accord (sub.), peace, agreement; I. i. 67. O.F. *acorder*, to agree; Low Lat. *accordare*. Cf. *Henry V.*, V. ii. 372.

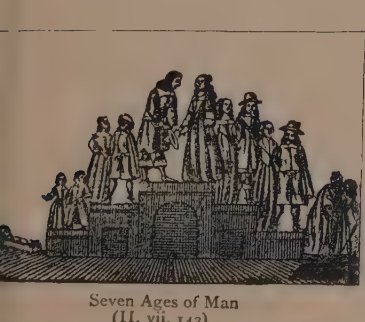
Accoutrement (sub.), dress; III. ii. 393.

Acquaintance (sub.), state of being known to each other; I. iii. 47.

Acquit him well (phrase), do himself credit; I. i. 133.

Addressed (sub.), equipped; V. iv. 162.

Age (sub.), stage or period of life; II. vii. 143. *See* illustration "Seven Ages."



Seven Ages of Man (II. vii. 143).

Aliena (sub.), the assumed name of Celia, meaning "foreign"; I. iii. 127.

Allottery (sub.) share or portion; I. i. 75.

Allow (verb), acknowledge; I. i. 49. Fr. *allouer*, to let out on hire. Low Lat. *allocare*, to allot; *Sonnets*, cxii. 4.

Ally (sub.), kinsman, relative; V. iv. 195.

Amaze (verb), perplex, bewilder; I. ii. 105. M.E. *masen*, to confuse. Cf. *King Lear*, III. vi. 35.

An' (conj.), if; IV. i. 31. The phrase used "an if" = if; by some editions in II. v. 59.

Anatomise (verb), lay bare; I. i. 161.

Apace (adv.), briskly; III. i. 1. Fr. *pas*, a step. Lat. *passus*, a pace, from *paudere*, to stretch. Cf. *Timon of Athens*, II. ii. 155.

Apply (verb), make use of; II. iii. 48.

Apt (adj.), inclined, ready; III. ii. 400. Lat. *aptus*. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, III. i. 160.

Argument (sub.), cause, reason; I. ii. 48.

Arm (verb), provide, prepare; IV. i. 60.

Array (sub.), dress, especially ornamental dress; IV. iii. 144.

Aspect (sub.), an astrological term denoting the peculiar position and influence of a planet; in IV. iii. 53 the same influence is affirmed of the eyes of a loved one. Lat. *aspectus*, from *aspicio*, to look. Cf. *Sonnets*, xxvi. 10.

Atomies (sub.), atoms; III. ii. 240; Notes, III. v. 13.

Atone together (verb), lit. are in agreement or in unity; V. iv. 116; thence to reconcile.

By attorney (adv. phrase), by proxy; IV. i. 94.

Bachelor (sub.), an unmarried man ; III. iii. 61. The fact will be noted, however, that in Elizabethan literature it is sometimes used for any young man, whether married or not. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I. v. 114.

Bag and baggage (phrase), used to mean not merely the necessaries of an army, but of individuals as well ; III. ii. 165.

Bandy (verb), strive, contend in emulation ; V. i. 59. Fr. *bander*, to bind. Cotgrave gives *se bander*, to league against. Cf. 1 *Henry VI.*, IV. i. 190.

Banquet (sub.), feast, rich entertainment ; II. v. 63 ; not merely dessert or a slight refection as is meant in *Taming of the Shrew*, V. ii. 9.

Bar (verb), shut out from, debar, deprive of ; I. i. 20 ; also prevent, check ; V. iv. 131. Cf. *Comedy of Errors*, V. i. 78.

Bastinado (sub.), cudgelling ; V. i. 58.

Batlet (sub.), a small piece of wood used for beating down clothes ; II. iv. 49. It is called a *beetle* or *beatal* (beat-all) in Scotland. *Cf.* Ramsay's *Minor Poems*, where it is used more than once.

Bear (verb), wear ; II. vii. 75 ; hold, contain ; III. ii. 170. M.E. *beren ;* A.S. *beran*, carry. Cf. *Cymbeline*, V. ii. 6.

Beholden (verb), bear or carry himself ; IV. i. 60.

Bestow (himself) (verb), bear or carry himself ; IV. iii. 87.

Better part (phrase), greater part ; III. i. 2 ; also III. ii. 150.

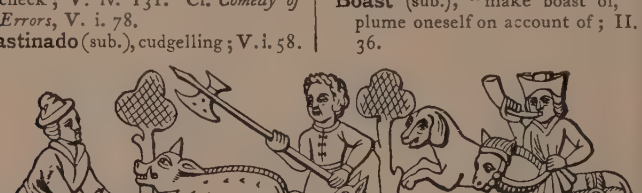
Bill (sub.), ticket or card ; I. ii. 122. Low Lat. *billa*, a writing ; a corruption of *bulla*, a papal bull.

Blood (sub.), consanguinity ; I. i. 48 ; fraternal regard ; II. iii. 37 ; love ; V. iv. 59.

Blue (adj.), livid-dark ; III. ii. 383. M.E. *blo*, livid ; A.S. *blae* (only found in compounds). Cf. *Lucrece*, l. 1587.

Boar spear (sub.), a weapon used in boar-hunting, not usually hurled at the animal, but held in front of it so that in its blind fury it might rush on. *See* illustration of a Boar Hunt ; I. iii. 117.

Boast (sub.), "make boast of," to plume oneself on account of ; II. v. 36.



From an ivory comb (XVth Cent.) in the collection of Lord Londesborough. (The illustration exhibits the peculiar use of the weapon, which was never thrown, and other characteristics of mediæval hunting scenes.) (I. iii. 117.)

Bob (sub.), a smart tap, cuff or blow ; II. vii. 55.

Body (sub.), used as a synonym for "person" or "one." Equivalent to French *on* or German *man ;* IV. iii. 166.

Bonnet (sub.), male covering for the

head; III. ii. 389. From Low Lat. *bonneta*, the name of a stuff from which caps were made.

Borrow (verb), to procure not merely for temporary use; III. ii. 233. M.E. *borwen*, A.S. *borgian*, to give as a pledge, from A.S. *borg* or *borh*, a pledge. *Hamlet*, III. ii. 164.

Bottom (sub.), a glade or valley; IV. iii. 79. M.E. *botum* or *bothom*; A.S. *botm*, a deep pit; 1 *Henry IV.*, III. i. 105.

Bounden (part. often used as adj.), indebted; I. ii. 288.

Bow (sub.), yoke; III. iii. 78.

Brave (adj.) splendid, showy; with its noun "bravery" manifesting a pompous show, then the show itself or finery; II. vii. 80. *Cf.* Lat. *fortis* and *virtus*.

Breathed (part.), unexhausted; "not yet well breathed"=have scarcely had to exert myself yet, so as to make me in the smallest degree lose breath; I. ii. 218. M.E. *breeth*, breth; A.S. *bræth*; Ger. *brodem*, vapour. Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*—*Induction*, 2-50. From the verb "breathe" we have the noun "breather," used in this play for "a living person"; III. ii. 289.

Breed (verb), bring up, furnish with means of education; I. i. 4. M.E. *breden*; A.S. *brédan*, to nourish. From A.S. *bród*, a brood; *The Winter's Tale*, III. iii. 48.

Brief (adv. phr.), in brief=in few words; IV. iii. 151.

Broken music (phrase) introduction of a discordant instrument into a "set" or of discordant notes into a harmony; I. ii. 140.

Brook (verb), suffer; I. i. 139. M.E. *broken*, *brouken*; A.S. *brucan*, to use, enjoy, which according to Skeat, was the original meaning. Cf. *Richard III.*, I. iii. 3.

Buckles in (verb), encircles; III. ii. 135. M.E. *bokel*; O.F. *bocle*, the boss of a shield or ring. Low Lat. *bucula*. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida* II. ii. 30.

Bugle (sub.), a bead of black glass; III. v. 47.

Burden (sub.), undersong, *obbligato*; III. ii. 255. A.S. *byrdhen*, a load, from *boren*, past part. of *beran*, to bear; Goth. *baurthei*. *The Tempest*, I. ii. 381.

Burgher (sub.) used in the sense of one who dwells within a *burg* or enclosure. Hence by analogy applied to any living thing other than mankind, as in this play to the deer; II. i. 23. M.E. *borgh* or *burgh*, also *borwe*; A.S. *burh*, *burg* (gen. and dat. *byrig*), a fort, from A.S. *burgon*, past part. of *beorgan*, to enclose and thereby to protect. Goth. *bairgan*, hide; *Merchant of Venice*, I. i. 10.

Bush (sub.), alluding to the ancient

From an illuminated MS. (XIVth Cent.) in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow. (Epilogue, l. 4.)

custom of hanging a bundle of brushwood at the door of inns, as a sort of sign ; Epilogue, line 4. *See* Illustration.

Butchery (sub.), slaughter-house (Schmidt) ; II. iii. 27.

Buy (interj.), in the phrase "God buy you," a contraction for "God be with you" ; III. ii. 266.

Cage (sub.), an enclosure ; III. ii. 380. From the same root as *cave* (through the Fr.), viz., Lat. *cavea*.

Calling (sub.), appellation (Schmidt) ; I. ii. 235.

Can (verb.), used in sense of "may" ; I. iii. 104 ; II. iii. 35.

Capable (adj.), receptive, impressible ; III. v. 23.

Capers (sub.), antics ; II. iv. 55. Thence *capricious* = eccentric, peculiar ; III. iii. 8.

Careless (adj.), unsympathetic ; II. i. 52.

Carlot (sub.), a peasant, dim. of *carl ;* III. v. 108. A.S. *ceorl*.

Cat (sub.), the civet cat ; III. ii. 70.

Catechism (sub.), examination in religion by means of questions ; III. ii. 236.

Censure (sub.), blame, stricture ; IV. i. 7.

Character (verb), inscribe ; III. ii. 6.

Chopt (adj.), chapped, hacked ; II. iv. 50.

Church (sub.), used in the sense of divine service ; II. vii. 114.

Churlish (adj.), mean, both avaricious and morose ; II. iv. 80. A.S. *ceorl*. *King John*, II. i. 519.

Cicatrice (sub.), a slight mark, not necessarily the result of a wound ; III. v. 23.

Circle (verb), compass ; V. iv. 34.

City woman (sub.), citizen's wife or daughter (Schmidt) ; II. vii. 75.

Civet (sub), scent from the civet cat ; III. ii. 65.

Civil (adj.), civilised, polished ; III. ii. 131. *Civility* (noun), courtesy ; II. vii. 96.

Clamorous (adj.), vociferous ; IV. i. 152.

Clap into (verb), set about smartly, begin spiritedly—as for example, a song ; V. iii. 11.

Clear (verb), bring to an issue, settle ; I. i. 177. M.E. *cler, cleer ;* O.F. *cler, clair ;* Lat. *clarus*, clear. Cf. *The Winter's Tale*, III. i. 18.

Clubs (sub.), the cry "clubs" was that with which the London 'prentices called for help and reinforcements. It was also the signal for the law-abiding part of the community to endeavour to part the combatants and restore order. Hence the allusion ; V. ii. 45. *See* Note.

Cod (sub.), pod ; II. iv. 53.

Colour (sub.), type, sort, nature ; I. ii. 99.

Co-mate (sub.), companion ; II. i. 1.

Combine (verb), attach, unite to ; V. iv. 156.

Comfort (verb), encourage, hearten ; II. vi. 5. *Comfortable* (adj.), cheerful ; II. 6, 9.

Commandment (sub.), order ; II. vii. 109.

Commission (sub.), warrant by which any trust is held ; IV. i. 138.

Compact (verb), composed, compounded ; II. vii. 5. Lat. *compactus*, fitted.

Complexion (phrase), "good my complexion," a feminine expletive or mild oath ; III. ii. 199.

Concave (adj), hollow ; III. iv. 24.

Conceit (sub.), idea, mental image ; II. vi. 8.

Confirmer (sub.), that which estab-

lishes or settles anything ; III. iv. 31.

Conjure (verb), entreat solemnly ; Epilogue, line 11.

Conned (verb), read so often as to get the matter by heart ; III. ii. 282.

Consist in (verb), depend on ; I. iii. 51. Lat. *con* and *sistere*, to stand. *Pericles*, V. i. 70.

Constant (adj.), uniform, confirmed ; III. v. 123.

Contriver (sub.), schemer, mischief-planner ; I. i. 150.

Conversed (verb), been on terms of intimacy with ; V. ii. 66.

Conversion (sub.), change of condition generally for the better ; IV. iii. 137.

Convertites (sub.), penitents, those converted from evil courses ; V. iv. 190.

Cony (sub.), rabbit (Schmidt) ; III. ii. 348.

Cope (verb), encounter ; II. i. 67 ; originally to cheapen, to barter. M.E. *copen* (*Cf.* Lydgate), allied to ; A.S. *ceapian*, to cheapen. *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. 412.

Copulatives (sub.), couples ; V. iv. 58.

Corners (sub.), places of concealment ; II. iii. 42.

Cote (sub), hut, cottage ; usually for shepherds ; II. iv. 83.

Counter (sub.), metal disc of no value used in calculations ; II. vii. 63. *See* illustration.

Coupled (verb), associated in companionship, paired ; I. iii. 75.

Courtship (sub.), courtly ways and politeness ; III. ii. 355.

Cousin and coz (sub.), used indiscriminately for all relations save the most intimate ; I. ii. 154 ; IV. i. 204.

Cover (verb), lay the cloth ; II. v. 30 ; put on a hat ; III. iii. 76.

Cross (sub), a piece of money which on the reverse side had the cross stamped ; also trouble ; II. iv. 12.

Curtle axe (sub.), broad curving sword, cutlass ; I. iii. 116. *See* Note.

Damask (sub.), mixture of red and white ; III. v. 123.

Damnable (adj.), deserving condemnation ; V. ii. 68. Lat. *damno*, to condemn. Cf. *Richard III.*, I. iv. 191.

Dance (sub.) ; V. iv. 180-204. *See* illustration of Court Dance, p. xxxviii.

Decree (verb), determine ; I. ii. 103.

Defied (sub.), rejected, slighted, despised. Epilogue, line 21.

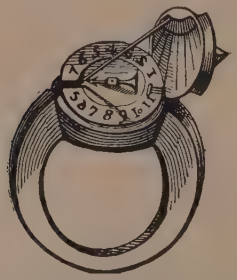
Derive (verb), receive by descent ; I. iii. 61.

Despite (prep.), in despite of ; also malice, aversion ; I. iii. 25 ; *despiteful*, scornful ; V. ii. 86.

Counter or Jetton.
From an engraving in Knight's *Pictorial Shakespeare* (II. vii. 63).

Court Dance (V. iv. 180-204).

Dial (sub.), a portable instrument for measuring time by the shadow of the sun; II. vii. 20. *See* Note and also Illustration.



From Petra-Sancta de Symbolis Heroicis (1634). (This portable time-indicator is interesting because of the magnet by which the owner might "ascertain the proper position by means of the shadow cast from a line which opens with the top") (II. vii. 20).

Disable (verb), disparage (Schmidt); IV. i. 34.

Dishonest (adj.), dishonoured, unchaste; V. iii. 4.

Disputable (adj.), disputatious; II. v. 34. Lat. *dis*, apart, *putare*, to think. *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. 13, 74.

Diverted (adj.), turned from its own kind; II. iii. 37.

Dog-ape (sub.), baboon; II. v. 25.

Ducdame a nonsense refrain like "hey ho and a hey nonino" or "hey diddle diddle do-dum-dee." No satisfactory explanation of it has ever been given; II. v. 54.

Dulcet (adj.), harmless; V. iv. 67.

Effect (sub.), purport; IV. iii. 35.

Effigies (sub.), likeness, image,

effigy (Schmidt); II. vii. 193. Lat. *effigies*.

Emulator (sub.), one who is enviously ambitious; I. i. 149. Emulation = ambition in the bad sense; IV. i. 11.

Enchantingly (adv.), spellbound as though by means of charms; I. i. 173.

Enforcement (sub.), assistant, support; II. vii. 118.

Entame (verb), subdue; III. v. 48.

Envenom (verb), poison; II. iii. 15.

Envy (verb), feel jealousy or mortification over; III. ii. 76.

Erewhile (adv.), a little while ago; II. iv. 89.

Erring (part. adj.), straying, deviating hither and thither; III. ii. 133. Lat. *Erro*, to wander. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. i. 154.

Erst (adv.), formerly; III. v. 95.

Estate (verb), settle as a possession on, bestow; V. ii. 13.

Exempt (adj.), apart, separate, remote: II. i. 15.

Exercises (sub.), ordinary occupations and recreations; I. i. 74.

Expediently (adv.), quickly, smartly; III. i. 18.

Extent (sub.), seizure (Schmidt); III. i. 17.

Extermine (verb), destroy entirely, clear away; III. v. 89.

Eyne (sub.), plural of eye; IV. iii. 50.

Faction (sub.), dissension, dispute; V. i. 59.

Fail (verb), miscarry; II. iii. 24. Lat. *fallere*, to deceive. Cf. *Cymbeline*, V. v. 57.

Falls (verb), to cause to fall; III. v. 5.

False gallop (phrase), a kind of jerky, irregular amble; III. ii. 116. Cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, III. iv. 91.

Fancy (sub.), love (Schmidt); III. v. 29; passion, V. iv. 156. Fancy-monger = one who deals in love; III. ii. 373. *Cf.* fantasy; II. iv. 31.

Favour (sub.), appearance; IV. iii. 87; also the face; V. iv. 27.

Feature (sub.), look, figure, form; III. iii. 3.

Feeder (sub.), shepherd; he who feeds the flocks; II. v. 99. M.E. *feden*; A.S. *fedan* for *foedan*, to feed. Cf. 2 *Henry IV.*, V. v. 63.

Fells (sub.), skins or hides with the wool or hair on; III. ii. 55. M.E. *fel*; A.S. *fell*; Goth. *fill*; Lat. *pellis*; Gr. πέλλα. Cf. *King Lear*, V. iii. 24.

Figure (sub.), rhetorical construction; V. i. 43.

Fleet (verb.), make to pass swiftly; I. i. 123. M.E. *fleten*; A.S. *fleetan*, to float; Ger. *fliessen*, to float; *flotian*, to flit, occurs in *A.S. Chronicle*. Cf. *Sonnets*, xix. 5.

Flout (verb), to jeer at, ridicule; I. ii. 46.

Fond (adj.), foolish; II. iii. 7.

Fool (sub.), a term of endearment; II. i. 22.

Forked (adj.), barbed; II. i. 24.

Forsworn (adj.), perjured; I. ii. 67.

Foul (adj.), ugly, hard-favoured; III. iii. 35.

Free (adj.), innocent; II. vii. 85.

Function (sub.), duty, employment; II. vii. 79.

Furnished (part.), attired, equipped; III. ii. 253.

Gamester (sub.), a frolicsome fellow; I. i. 169.

Gasp (sub.), "the last gasp" = the agonies of death; II. iii. 70.

Gentility (sub.), good extraction; I. i. 22.

Gesture (sub.), behaviour; V. ii. 69.

Giant-rude (phrase), rude, as all giants in ancient times were supposed to be; IV. iii. 34.

Glances (sub.), reflections, censures ; II. vii. 57. From the Dan. *glands*, lustre ; Swed. *glans*, from the past tense, *glant*, of the strong verb *glinta*, to shine. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, I. ii. 324.

God buy you (phrase), a greeting, "God be with you," whence comes our "good-bye" ; III. ii. 266 ; other greetings of a like kind are : "God 'ild you" = "God yield you," or God give you what you desire ; III. i i. 74.

Golden world (phrase), golden age ; I. i. 124.

Gondola (sub.), a boat used on the canals in Venice. *See* Illustration ; IV. i. 38.

Venetian Gondola (IV. i. 38).

Grace himself (phrase), gain reputation for himself ; I. i. 154.

Gracious (adj.), regarded with honour ; I. ii. 189.

Graff (verb), graft ; III. ii. 120.

Gravelled (part.), perplexed, brought to a standstill ; IV. i. 73.

Ground (sub.), groundwork, background ; III. ii. 251.

Habit (sub.), carriage, deportment ; III. ii. 305.

Have with you (phrase), go along with ; I. ii. 258.

Having (verb used as noun), property, estate, that which one holds in possession ; III. ii. 387. Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. ii. 70.

Headed (verb) come to a head, as, for instance, a tumour ; II. vii. 67.

Heap (sub.), great quantity, mass ; I. ii. 68. M.E. *heep* ; A.S. *hēap*, a crowd ; Dut. *hoop* ; Ger. *haufe*. Cf. *Timon of Athens*, V. i. 155.

Hind (sub.), farm-servant, field-labourer ; I. i. 20.

Hire (verb), to engage in temporary service for wages ; I. i. 14. M E. *hire* ; A.S. *hyr*, wages ; Dut. *huur* ; Dan. *hyre*. *Much Ado About Nothing*, V. i. 306.

Hooping (sub.), shouting from wonder or surprise ; also applauding ; III. ii. 198.

Hose (sub.), breeches ; II. vii. 160.

Humorous (adj.), changeable, vacillating, full of sudden likes and dislikes ; I. ii. 268 ; II. iii. 8 ; IV. i. 20.

Hurtle (verb), clash, make a noise in colliding ; IV. iii. 132.

Hyen (sub.), hyæna ; IV. i. 157. *See* Illustration.

From an ornamented post in Wenden Church, Essex (IV. i. 157).

Idle (adj.), useless, unprofitable ; V. ii. 56. M.E. *idel* ; A.S. *idel*, vain ; Dan. *idel* ; Dut. *ijdel*, vain. The original sense seems, according to Skeet, to have been "clear." *King John*, III. iii. 46.

Ill-favoured (adj.), unprepossessing, hard-featured ; V. iv. 60.

Incontinent (adj.), immediately ; V. ii. 42.

Intendment (sub.), purpose, determination ; I. i. 139.
Invectively (adj.), mockingly, railingly ; II. i. 58.
Irks (verb), troubles, distresses, impersonal form ; II. i. 22.

Jar (sub.), harsh sound, discordant noise ; II. vii. 5. Stands for the older form *char:* allied to Aryan root *gar.* Cf. *King Lear,* IV. vii. 16.
Justly (adv.), precisely, truly ; I. ii. 246 ; also note the use of "just" as an *adverb of manner,* and meaning "just so."

Kindle (verb), stimulate, urge to a course of action ; I. i. 178. Ice. *Kyndill ;* A.S. *candel ;* Lat. *candela.*
Knoll (verb), ring, toll ; II. vii. 114.
Knowledge (sub.), skill, experience ; I. ii. 69.

Labour (sub.), pains ; II. vi. 14.
Labourer (sub.), one who does service in the field ; III. ii. 75.
Lack (verb), feel the want of, miss ; IV. i. 178.
Learn (verb), teach ; I. ii. 5.
Leer (sub.), complexion, face ; IV. i. 66. M.E. *lere,* the cheek, face ; A.S. *hleor,* the cheek, hence the face.
Limned (verb), drawn, painted (Schmidt) ; II. vii. 194.
In little (phrase), in miniature ; III. ii. 143. Cf. *Hamlet,* II. ii. 382.
Loose (verb), set free ; III. v. 103.
Lover (sub.), lady-love ; III. iv. 42.

Make (verb), fasten, close ; IV. i. 162.
Manage (sub.), training of a horse or dog ; I. i. 13.
Mannish (adj.), masculine ; I. iii. 120.
Marketable (adj.), likely to find a buyer ; I. ii. 95. Lat. *mercatus,* pp. of *mercari,* to trade.
Memory (sub.), that which calls to remembrance, memorial ; II. iii. 3.
Mewl (verb), whimper ; II. vii. 144. A factitive verb, from *mew.*
Mines (verb), nullifies ; I. i. 21.
Misprise (verb), undervalue, slight ; I. i. 176. Fr. *mépriser,* despise.
Misuse (verb), abuse ; IV. i. 200.
Mocks (sub.), sneers, ridicule, derision ; III. v. 33. From *mockable,* ridiculous, giving rise to derision ; III. ii. 49.
Modern (adj.), trite, common, of everyday occurrence ; II. vii. 156.
Moonish (adj.), changeable, inconstant, capricious ; III. ii. 421. M.E. *mone ;* A.S. *mona ;* Dan. *maane.* Literally, "the measurer of time."
Mortal (adj.), human, "mortal in folly" = human in folly ; II. iv. 57.
Mossed (adj.), overgrown with moss ; IV. iii. 105.
Motley (adj.), parti-coloured ; II. vii. 13 ; (sub.), the domestic personage whose duty it was to amuse by his wit ; III. iii. 77 ; the dress of the fool ; II. vii. 34. O.F. *mattele,* clotted ; M.E. *mottelee. Twelfth Night,* I. v. 58.
Much (adj.), much of—ironical ; IV. iii. 2.
Mutton (sub.), sheep ; III. ii. 57.

Napkin (sub.), handkerchief (Schmidt) ; IV. iii. 94.
Native (adj.), pertaining to home ; II. i. 63.
Natural (sub.), an imbecile, simpleton, idiot ; I. ii. 55.
Naught (phrase), "be naught awhile," is equivalent to the oath, "you good-for-nothing, go to the devil" ; I. i. 57.
Needless (adj.), not requiring, having enough ; II. i. 46.
Neighbour (sub.), a fellow-creature ; II. vii. 78. Neighbourly (adv.), kind ; III. v. 90. M.E. *neighebour ;* A.S. *neahgebur,* from *neah,* nigh and *bur* or *gebur,* a husbandman ; Dut. *boer,* a boor. *Richard III.,* I. iv. 136 ; *Merchant of Venice,* I. ii. 85.
Nice (adj.), squeamish, capricious, not contented ; IV. i. 15.

Nonino (interj.), part of a nonsense exclamation indicative of joy; V. iii. 17.

Nurture (sub.), good breeding, polish; II. vii. 97.

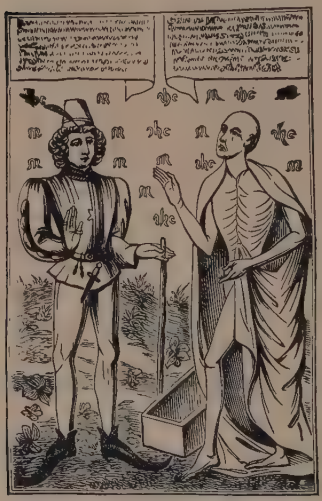
Observance (sub.), reverential attention, homage; III. ii. 242.

Occasion (sub.), cause, motive; IV. i. 175.

Omittance (sub.), forbearance; III. v. 133.

Outface (verb), to blazon out; I. iii. 121.

Painted cloth (phrase), cloth or canvas painted in oil whereon figures and floral designs were executed, these cloths being used for room hangings; III. ii. 283. *See* Illustration.



This representation of a meeting between Death and a fop is a copy of a painting formerly preserved in the Hungerford Chapel, Salisbury Cathedral. The dialogue between the characters is painted on the labels over their heads (III. ii. 283).

Pantaloon (sub.), an old fool, a character taken from old Italian comedy, where it was a stock *rôle*. It often was synonymous for a Venetian, for, as Halliwell says, St Pantaloon was the patron Saint of Venice; II. vii. 158. *See* Illustration.

From Calot's series of plates illustrating the Italian comedy (II. vii. 158).

Parcels in (phrase), bit by bit; III. v. 125.

Passing (adv.), very marvellously; III. v. 138.

Pathetical (adj.), used in this play with the force of a superlative, either of good or evil. The meaning probably is "case-hardened," "unconscionable," or the like; IV. i. 191.

Payment (sub.), retribution, penalty; I. i. 165.

Peascod (sub.), the pod or husk containing the peas, used sometimes as a gift by rustic lovers; used also for purposes of divination; II. iv. 52.

Peevish (adj.), petulant, querulous; III. v. 110. Cf. *Henry V.*, III. vii. 136.

Penny (sub.), silver pennies. A popular coin in early England, weighing 22½ grains, and in value or purchasing power was not far

short of a shilling (*see* Stanley Jevons' book on *Money*, pp. 36, 70, 96); II. v. 29. *See* Illustration.

Silver Penny (II. v. 29).

Perpend (verb), consider; III. ii. 68.

Point device (phrase), precise, fastidiously neat; III. ii. 393.

Poke (sub.), either pocket or bag; II. vii. 20. M.E. *poke*; Irish, *poc*; Ice. *poki*.

Practice (sub.), plan, artifice, stratagem; I. i. 155.

Priser (sub.), one who competes for a prize; also a prize-fighter; II. iii. 8.

Prodigal (adv.), like the prodigal son; I. i. 40.

Profit (sub.), skill, proficiency; I. i. 7.

Promise (verb), assure; I. ii. 139.

Prune (verb), to lop off; II. iii. 63. *See* Illustration of tools required for pruning and soil-dressing.

Puisny (adj.), petty, with but the skill of a novice; III. iv. 42; *puisne* is a law term implying inferiority in rank. O.F. *puis-ne*, born after.

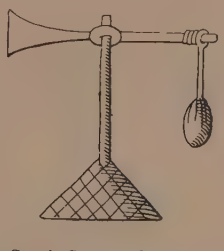
Purlieus (sub.), land in the vicinity of, the neighbourhood; IV. iii. 77.

Pythagoras (sub.), a philosopher who flourished about the sixth century B.C. In his last years he lived in Magna Græcia, as the southern part of Italy was called; III. ii. 182.

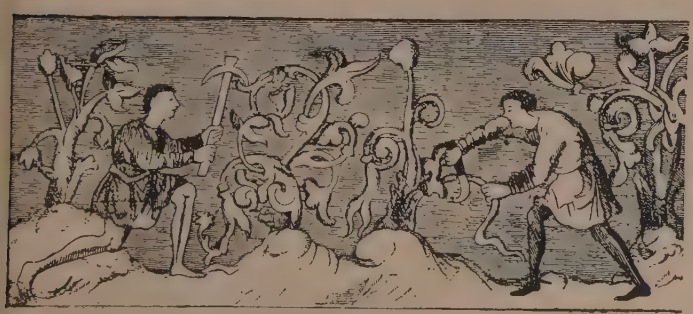
Quail (verb), to shrink, faint, become weak; II. ii. 20.

Question (sub.), talk, speech; III iv. 34.

Quintain (sub.), a post with a turning and loaded top or crosspiece at



From Stow's *Survey of London* (1603) (I. ii. 253).



Pruning and Dressing (II iii 63).

which those learning to joust were required to tilt ; I. ii. 253. *See* Note *in loc.*, also Illustration.

Quintessence (sub.), the residual extract of any substance containing its best and purest qualities ; III. ii. 142.

Quit (verb), release from obligation or accusation ; III. i. 11.

Quotidian (sub.), a fever or ague whose attacks recurred regularly every day and generally at the same time ; used as an illustration of the attacks of love ; III. ii. 374. Cf. *Henry V.*, II. i. 122.

Ragged (adj.), rasping, uneven, discordant ; II. v. 14.

Rankness (sub.), insolence ; I. i. 90. M.E. *rank*, strong ; A.S. *ranc*, proud, forward. Cf. *King John*, V. iv. 54.

Rascal (sub.), deer in poor condition ; III. iii. 57. Cf. *Coriolanus*, I. i. 163.

Reason (verb), speak ; I. ii. 54.

Recks (verb), minds, cares for, regards ; II. iv. 81. M.E. *rekken ;* A.S. *recan*, care. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. iii. 51.

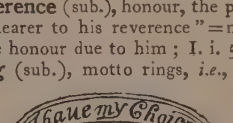
Recountment (sub.), something told ; IV. iii. 141.

Remorse (sub.), pity, commiseration ; I. iii. 69.

Render (verb), portray, delineate ; IV. iii. 123. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, III. ii. 7-10.

Reverence (sub.), honour, the phrase "nearer to his reverence" = nearer the honour due to him ; I. i. 53.

Ring (sub.), motto rings, *i.e.*, rings with sentiments inscribed on their inner surface were very common in Elizabethan times ; III. ii. 280. *See* Illustration.



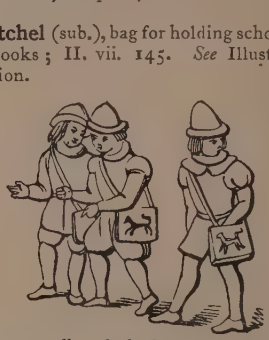
Motto Rings (III. ii. 280).

Ripe (adj.), mature, grown to man's estate ; IV. iii. 88. M.E. *ripe ;* A.S. *ripe*, fit for reaping, from *ripan*, to reap and *rip*, harvest ; Dut. *rijp ; Othello*, II. iii. 383.

Roundly (adv.), right off, without hesitation ; V. iii. 11.

Roynish (adj.), a term of contempt, boorish, lumpish ; II. ii. 8.

Satchel (sub.), bag for holding school-books ; II. vii. 145. *See* Illustration.



From an allegorical picture of learning and its rewards (1589), in the Strasburg Library (II. vii. 145).

Saw (sub.), proverb ; II. vii. 156. M.E. *sawe ;* A.S. *sagu*, a saying, from *secgan*, to say ; Ger. *sagen*. Cf. 2 *Henry VI.*, I. iii. 59.

Seeming (adv.), genteelly ; V. iv. 71.

Se'nnight (sub.), seven nights literally, otherwise a week ; III. ii. 325.

Shadow (sub.), the cool shade ; IV. i. 216.

Sheepcote (sub.), a shepherd's hut ; II. iv. 84.

Shoots his wit (phrase), discharges his shafts of sarcasm ; V. iv. 112.

Shrewd (adj.), bitter, rough, harsh ; V. iv. 179. M.E. *schrewed*, accursed, depraved ; also *shrewe ;*

A.S. *screawa*, a shrew. Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, I. i. 185.

Shrink (verb). shiver, as with cold; II. i. 9. A.S. *scrincen*, past tense, *scranc*, p.p. *scruncen*, to contract; O. Dut. *schrinken*. Cf. *Cymbeline*, IV. iv. 30.

Simples (sub.), medicinal herbs; IV. i. 17.

Skirt (sub.), edge, margin, border; III. ii. 345. M.E. *skyrt*; Ice. *skyrta*, a shirt, allied to A.S. *sceort*, short. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. i. 97.

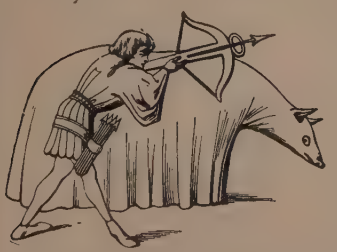
Smirch (verb), stain, bedaub; I. iii. 111. A.S. *smerien*, to smear; also A.S. *smera*, fat. Cf. *Henry V.*, III. iii. 17.

Snake (sub.), "a tame snake," used as an epithet of reproach; IV. iii. 70.

Speed (sub.), helper, used in the same sense as "God speed thee"; I. ii. 211.

Squandering (part.), errant, random; II. vii. 57.

Stalking-horse (sub.), a horse, either real or fictitious (says Halliwell), from behind which ancient sportsmen shot at their game; V. iv. 111. *See* Illustration. Stalk, from M.E. *stalken*; A.S. *staelcan*, to walk warily.



From a MS. *de la Chasse des bestes sauvages* (XVth Cent.), preserved at Paris. (V. iv. 111.)

Stick (verb), stab, thrust through; I. ii. 244.

Successfully (adv.), as though he would be successful; I. ii. 153.

I' the sun (adv. phrase), in the open air; II. v. 39.

Sure (adv.), indissolubly united; V. iv. 141.

Swashing (part.), bragging, boasting; I. iii. 119.

Synod (sub.), assembly; III. ii. 153.

Taxation (sub.), caustic criticism; I. ii. 84.

Tempered (part.), mingled; I. ii. 13.

Thrasonical (adj.), bragging. The name is taken from one of the characters, *Thraso*, in the *Eunuchus*, a comedy by the Roman dramatist, Terence; V. ii. 34.

Thrifty (adj.), careful; II. iii. 39.

Touches (sub.), marks, distinguishing qualities; III. ii. 155.

Toward (prep. used as an adv.), at hand; V. iv. 35. Cf. *Hamlet*, V. ii. 376.

Traverse (adv.), across; III. iv. 41.

Umber (sub.), brown dye, sometimes called "burnt umber"; I. iii. 111.

Unkind (adj.), not according to nature, unhuman; II. vii. 175. Cf. *King Lear*, I. i. 263.

Unquestionable (adj.), refusing to be questioned or addressed; III. ii. 384.

Velvet (adj.), fine, delicate, soft; II. i. 50. M.E. *velouette*. Spenser uses *vellet*. O. Ital. *veluto*. Cf. *All's Well that Ends Well*, IV. v. 100.

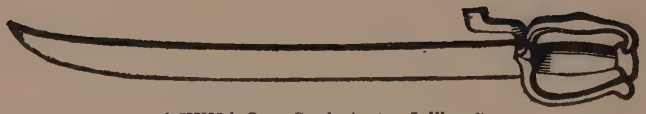
Villain (sub.), serf, one bound to the soil; also a rascal. There is a double meaning implied; I. i. 58.

Voice (sub.), suffrage, support; II. iv. 87.

Ware (verb), cognisant of; II. iv. 58

Warp (verb), distort, make crooked ; II. vii. 187.
Wear (sub.), custom, fashion ; II. vii. 34
Wearing (part.), tiring ; II. iv. 38.
Woeful (adj.), indicative of sorrow or distress ; II. vii. 148.
Working (sub.), effort towards an end, action ; I. ii. 204. Cf. 2 *Henry IV.*, V. ii. 90.
Worldlings (sub.), people of this our world, our fellow-men ; II. i. 48.
Worm's-meat (sub.), periphrasis for dead ; III. ii. 66.
Wrath (sub.), fiery rage, impetuosity, anger ; V. ii. 44. M.E. *wraththe* ; A.S. *wrath*, wroth. Cf. *Cymbeline*, II. iv. 151.

Young (adj.), callow, immature, and therefore unskilful ; I. i. [illegible]



A XVIIth Cent. Curtle-Ax (see I. iii. 116).